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p. 111 — quoted by Mr. Carnegie.

Knowles

N. 11

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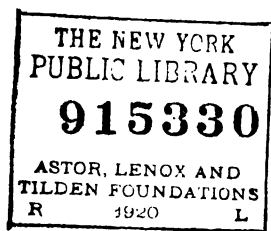
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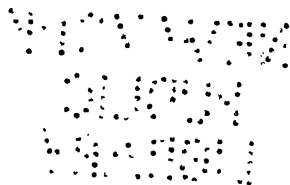
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LOVE TRIUMPHANT

SUNSET POEMS

Colonial Press

Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
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TO
Louise Chandler Moulton
BY HER AFFECTIONATE FRIEND
THE AUTHOR

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie Mar. 1/20.

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I.

"The truth of truths is love."

— *Bailey's "Festus."*

Love Triumphant

LOVE TRIUMPHANT

HELEN'S lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane —
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain; —
Only one thing, undefaced,
Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste
And the heavens are overturned.
— Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
Sound that lives when sounds are done,
Music that rebukes the birds,
Language lovelier than words,

Lobe Triumphant

Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Silence stiller than the shore
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,
Ocean more divinely free
Than Pacific's boundless sea, —
Ye who love have learn'd it true.
— Dear, how long ago we knew!

Lobe Triumphant

LOVE AND HISTORY

R OSES shed their petals
Countless Junes ago,
And those dead Decembers
Brought their snow.

Weary eyes were covered
With their patient lids,
By the yet unbuilt
Pyramids.

Life and Death, like sweethearts,
Wandering hand in hand,
Then, as now, stole over
Sea and land.

Lovers kissed and parted,
Eyes were moist and blue,
In the Midian meadows
Moses knew.

Cheeks were wet with weeping,
Brows were hot with fire,
Ere the hand of Homer
Swept the lyre.

Love Triumphant

And this masque of midnight,
And the moon's white face,
Looked on Nile and Jordan,
Thebes and Thrace.

Must the mint be new, dear,
If the coin is gold?
Though youth dies, Love never
Waxes old.

History means this morning,
Greece is here and now;
Let us drain Time's beaker —
I and thou!

Press thy lips to mine, dear,
Thus — and thus — and thus;
Space and time shall perish,
Slain by us.

All the lands of wonder —
Years of pain and bliss,
We will taste together
In that kiss!

Lobe Triumphant

LOVE'S WORLD

THE earth upon its axis span
Or e'er our Father fashioned man.
He viewed His worlds and called them good
In their new-quickened lustihood;
The flowers made riot with perfume,
And every grot was rank with bloom,
Yea, death-doomed beauty made so free,
It mimicked immortality —
Wings cleft the air, fins clave the deep,
All day was song, all night was sleep,
But still, O still, unborn were three —
Pain, Sin, and History!

God knows how much those Junes have missed,
Where lips of woman ne'er are kissed —
Ah, lonely lanes be they, God knows,
Where never lover plucks a rose!
The Sun, to his new course addressed,
Feels his slow way across the West —
Before one guest His door unbars
God lights a million welcoming stars;
The moon looks down on grass and wave,
And sees an Earth without a grave!

Lobe Triumphant

For still, O still, unborn are three —
Grief, Death, and Memory!

O love, lean close! My spirit's drouth
Is quenched of thirst against thy mouth;
I crave thy human warmth, my soul
Thou fillest as an emptied bowl!
Pour in this cup all mad desire,
Pour longing with its ruthless fire!
I drain the liquor to the lees —
Did Eden know fierce joys like these?
O dearest, what could life have meant
To one in that fair prison pent —
That hapless world without these three —
Love, Sympathy — and Thee!

Lobe Triumphant

A WOMAN'S HEART

A BUTTERFLY with radiant wings
She flash'd among the throng,
Her beauty was like poetry,
Her motions were as song;
Her blood was warm with youth and hope,
And quick with hidden fire,
Her heart the home of nesting loves,
And throbs of young desire;
And ah! that song the red lips sang —
Hush! I can hear it yet!
“*Oh, joy and I shall never part,
For love and I have met!*”

A butterfly with wounded wings
She flutters through the throng,
Her laugh has kept its gaiety,
Her heart has lost its song;
Her heart! the home of frozen hopes,
The grave of dead desire,
A hearth whose ashes lie so deep
They cover all the fire! —
Her eyes seem saying, even while
Her lips are white and set,
“*How easy for a man to love,
How easy to forget!*”

Love Triumphant

TO AN OLD PLAYMATE

YOUR lips, dear girl, were roses,
Your hair was ripened wheat,
The brook forgot his song to hear
The music of your feet.

Your hands were swift white butterflies,
Your eyes were wells of blue,
Oh, what a riot in my heart
Was wrought by June and you!

And now for years beneath the grass
Your heedless hands have lain,
And recollection wakes in me
A hurt that scarce is pain.

Asleep with Nature, breast to breast,
How peacefully you lie!
Above your heart the care-free flow'rs,
And over them — the sky.

Love Triumphant

IF LOVE WERE JESTER AT THE COURT OF DEATH

I F Love were jester at the court of Death,
And Death the king of all, still would I
pray,

“For me the motley and the bauble, yea,
Though all be vanity as the Preacher saith,
The mirth of love be mine for one brief breath!”

Then would I kneel the monarch to obey,
And kiss that pale hand, should it spare or
slay;

Since I have tasted love, what mattereth!

But if, dear God! this heart be dry as sand,

And cold as Charon's palm holding Hell's toll,
How worse, how worse! Scorch it with sorrow's
brand!

Haply, though dead to joy, 'twould feel *that*
coal;

Better a cross, and nails through either hand,
Than Pilate's palace and a frozen soul!

Love Triumphant

THE SINGER

BEFORE that crowd she stood, a flowerlike
thing —
That curious crowd that came to see her sing
(See more than hear, her beauty's fame was
such),

Unconscious as a child, save for a touch
Of happy fear like some wild bird was she,
Instinct with light, and fire, and purity;
But when she sang, there fell so deep a hush,
The listening ear might almost hear a blush!
Methinks the very footlights must have felt
The wonder and the fragrance where they knelt.
Across the years once more I see her stand,
The sheet of music trembling in her hand.

Suitors she had in plenty; men who flung
Their hearts with their bouquets when she had
sung;
She laugh'd in girlish ignorance, nor guess'd
The flattery in the voices that caress'd.
But, lest his blossom suffer blight withal,
Came jealously the Lover of us all,
And wooed her spirit with his subtlest breath —
What lad hath kiss'd so many lips as Death!

Love Triumphant

Through blinding tears once more I see her lie
Like a pale lily, garnered for the sky!

Mayhap one voice was missing in the choir
That sings forever round God's feet of fire;
Mayhap the Seraphim, leaning low, had caught
Her little human echo of God's thought,
And wished her thither, till she, answering, rose,
Loth to leave these her friends, yet fain for
those,

More distant but more dear, whose lips were
placed

Warm on the Bridegroom's, passionately chaste.
I know not; this I know: mine ear shall keep
Those great soprano sounds until I sleep;
And this I know: her brow, her hair, her eye,
Shall be to me a glory till I die!

Love Triumphant

THE CELESTIAL MOMENT

I AM only a sigh of the Infinite Powers,
Only God's breath on a glass,
Only one pulse of the endless hours,
Only a breeze on the grass.

I am only the spray on a poising wave,
A cataract's foam and froth,
A mushroom springing by night on a grave,
The dust on the wings of a moth.

I am only the flight of a sweet, swift dream,
The shadow cast by a cloud,
A seed that is dropp'd by a Hand Supreme
In the heart of a field unploughed.

And yet do you pity the butterfly
That his hour so quickly goes,
If over him swoons the passionate sky
And under him faints the rose?

O turn to me, lean to me, lips that I love!
One moment of merciful bliss, —
Ere my shade shall be borne to those stars above
Where only the ghosts may kiss; —

Love Triumphant

Back to the stars from whence I came —
Over a blindfold way,
Far, O far, like a spark to its flame,
I who have lived my day, —

Who have lived my day when I flash and poise
The rose of the world above,
Then home like a joy to the source of joys —
A love that is lost in Love.

Love Triumphant

A MEMORY

THE Night walked down the sky
With the moon in her hand;
By the light of that yellow lantern
I saw you stand.

The hair that swept your shoulders
Was yellow, too,
Your feet as they touched the grasses
Shamed the dew.

The Night wore all her jewels,
And you wore none,
But your gown had the odor of lilies
Drench'd with sun.

And never was Eve of the Garden
Or Mary the Maid
More pure than you as you stood there
Bold, yet afraid.

And the sleeping birds woke, trembling,
And the folded flowers were aware,
And my senses were faint with the fragrant
Gold of your hair.

Lobe Triumphant

And our lips found ways of speaking
What words cannot say,
Till a hundred nests gave music,
And the East was gray.

Love Triumphant

THE HOUR OF FIRE

O WAS it you that waited in the dawn,
Or Fate, or Flame, or Splendor of De-
spair?

Faint with the memory of your wind-blown
hair,

I rose — was borne to meet you, Passion's pawn
Moved by The Hand! And up the terraced
lawn,

(To my impatience such an endless stair),
Climbed past the oaks and furtive shrubbery,
where

You lay, pale, startled, panting like a fawn!
How wealthy, whoso holds for treasure one

Such ravishing moment at a kingdom's cost!
Though peace were forfeit, tho' my heart, un-
done,

Should pay the price with infinite years of
frost,

Again I'd fly, a meteor tow'rd the Sun,
And on your burning breast and lips be lost!

God! once again I live that hour of hours, —
Past the park gates and past the sleeping
hounds,

Love Triumphant

The gardener's lodge that overlooks the
grounds,
With the dark windows buried deep in flow'rs,
The hedgerow and the woods, where shade de-
vours

Discovery, till at last the only sounds
That stab the quiet with delicious wounds
Are two loud hearts which passion overpowers!
And on your mouth — red as the new-ris'n sun
That flushed the hills which peered between
the trees —

I tasted death and life together — one
Supremest marriage at joy's height of these
Old, timeless lovers; till the Dawn was done,
And Day, o'erhead, broke into golden seas!

And now! nay, but I have no song for Now,
Then life was mine — now am I grown
Death's slave,
Whom he lets live for pastime; breeze and
wave
Run as of old, and younger hands must plough,
Sow, reap, and spend; yea, on new lips and
brow
Youth rains new kisses, but the Hand that
drave
The arrow thro' my heart, when in her grave

Love Triumphant

I buried Love, is heavy. Spare me, Thou!
Nay! spare me not! give me whate'er Thou
hast

In Thy black storehouse of new griefs; the
gold

Of one rich memory, hoarded to the last,
Thou couldst not take, tho' I should thrice
grow old!

Mine the eternity which is the Past, :
Through all eternities that are foretold!

Lobe Triumphant

AT DAWN

BEAUTIFUL as the feet of Atalanta,
Delicate as the hand of Aphrodite,
Comes the dawn across the eastern hilltops.

Golden as the fleece that launch'd the Argo,
Prouder than great Nineveh on the Tigris,
Enters 'neath these boughs the wealth of morning.

Night recedes, the lingering waves of darkness
Lift — forsake these heights; the tide that
drown'd us
Ebbs into the dawn's flush'd indolent languor.

Let us rise, O love, and tow'rd the city
Take our way, — within our eyes the silence
Of a memory holier than the daybreak.

Thro' the long, gray streets, just wash'd with
sunrise,
Downward thro' the waking roar of traffic, —
Onward, onward thro' the world forever!

Lobe Triumphant

HER LIPS

ALL of the joy in a wild•bird's nest,
All that God hid in a violet's breast,
All the soft wonder of twilight and star,
All that white caravans bring from afar,
All the wealth captured by 's fierce
ships —
All became mine at the touch of her lips!

Love Triumphant

CREATION

A FLASH of Will and a word of Power —
Your body rose like a soft, white flower;
Winds went North and winds went South —
There grew the mystery of your mouth;
Night leaned over her golden bars —
Your hair blew free like a cloud of stars;
Dreams and a song and a sunrise sea —
Your eyes looked out from the Dawn at me!

Love Triumphant

A SONG OF CONTENT

HOW many million stars must shine
Which only God can see! —
Yet in the sky His hand has hung
Ten thousand stars for me!

How many blossoms bloom and fade
Which only God can know! —
Yet here's my field of buttercups,
And here my daisies blow.

How many wing-paths through the blue
Lure swallows up and down —
Yet here's my little garden walk,
And yon's the road to town!

How many a treacherous voice has wooed
Unhappy feet to roam —
Yet God has taught my willing ear
The sounds of *love* and *home*!

How many lips have kiss'd and clung
Since Eve was Adam's bride! —
But God has given me you, dear girl,
And I am satisfied!

Lobe Triumphant

THE BALLAD OF EDEN

I.

O THE birds were loud in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden,
They were mad with mirth in Eden .
So fair;
O their wings were swift as flames,
Sweet and curious were their names,
And their songs were wild as passion,
pure as prayer!

II.

There were rainy days in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden,
Days of sun and shower in Eden
So fair!
Carpets must be soft as floss,
Woven of grass and woven of moss,
Where the foot of man and foot of maid
are bare!

III.

They were bravely clad in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden,

Lobe Triumphant

O the fashions throve in Eden
 So fair!
Cloth-o'-leaves from God's own vines,
Thread and needles from the pines,
And the wind's own way of doing up the
 hair!

IV.

O but Man was strong in Eden,
 In Eden, in Eden,
Like a happy god in Eden,
 So fair,
And the Woman's blood was red,
All her tears were still unshed,
And her lips, with soft defiance, laughed
 at care.

V.

O the world still seems an Eden,
 An Eden, an Eden,
O the world is always Eden
 So fair;
Though the serpent's glittering eyes
Have a cleverer disguise,
While you're walking through the orchard,
 have no care!

Lobe Triumphant

VI.

Still for us the earth is Eden,
Is Eden, is Eden,
Still our Earth, dear love, is Eden
So fair, —
And we taste all fruits that be,
Even from the Knowledge Tree,
Though its branches have been grafted
with Despair!

VII.

O though life wax old in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden,
Love is still the lord of Eden
So fair;
All the blossoming is for us,
And our happy creed runs thus:
Failure visits only those who fail to dare!

VIII.

So we fear no sword in Eden,
In Eden, in Eden: —
Who shall drive us from our Eden
So fair!
Is there built a gate — a wall?
At a lover's kiss they fall,
If we love, new Edens wait us everywhere.

Love Triumphant

TO A DISCOVERER

LONG was my spirit like some lonely reef
In gray, unvisited oceans, where the Sea,
Relentless, drove its salt waves over me,
A cold, monotonous surf of unbelief;
But ere I hardened into hopeless grief,
Thou camest, bringing love, faith, sympathy;
I found myself and God in finding thee,
And my long dream of doubt looked void and
brief.
Then was my soul, with her new glory dazed,
Like that green island among tropic seas
When the strange sail approached the won-
dering shore,
And startled eyes beheld the Cross upraised,
While the great Spaniard sank upon his
knees,
And the Te Deum shook San Salvador!

Love Triumphant

LOVE'S AWAKENING

WHEN Memory was a desert
And Life a dungeon wall,
When Hope became a harlot
That lured me to my fall,
When June had lost its old perfume
And Poetry its glow —
There flashed a sense of wings and bloom! —
Of joys that stir and grow!
The thorns became a chaplet
Upon my bleeding brow, —
Night fled; the world was sunrise! —
O dearest, it was thou!

My heart was lost to feeling,
I could not weep nor smile,
I had no joy of music, —
O 'twas a weary while!
I lived within a sodden trance
That knew nor faith nor fears,
My soul was blind as sightless Chance,
A ghost that mocked the years;
When lo! a gentle whisper,
A kiss upon my brow!

Love Triumphant

The arms of love were round me! —
O dearest! it was thou.

And though 'tis still a marvel —
The rapture and the wings,
My heart has learned the wonder
Of love that serves and sings,
Now I can welcome June again
And watch her roses blow,
Once more I find the world of men
A conflict, not a show.
From worse than death awakened,
Whence came the spell and how?
God's angel must have touched me —
Nay, darling, it was thou!

Lobe Triumphant

LOVE'S FULFILMENT

ALL the passion of the skies
Where the moons of August hang,
I have read within thine eyes.

All that sage or poet guess'd,
Sinai spake or Stratford sang,
I have learn'd upon thy breast.

All the wander-thirst of ships,
Wave's wild kiss and tempest's fang,
I have tasted on thy lips.

Now the sting and storm are past,
(Youth's mad voices — how they rang!), —
Comes the calmer bliss at last!

Yea, the carnal grows divine
Since our souls together sprang,
And my lost heart flow'd in thine!

Like the Gulf Stream in the sea,
Leagues below the pulse and pang,
Broods my spirit, drown'd in thee!

Love Triumphant

THE LAST WORD

WHEN I have folded up this tent
And laid the soiled thing by,
I shall go forth 'neath different stars,
Under an unknown sky.

And yet whatever house I find
Beneath the grass or snow
Will ne'er be tenantless of love
Or lack the face I know.

O lips — wild roses wet with rain!
Blown hair of drifted brown!
O passionate eyes! O panting heart —
When in that colder town

I lie, the one inhabitant,
My hands across my breast,
How warm through all eternity
The summer of my rest!

To each frail root beneath the ground
That thrusts its flower above,
I shall impart a fiercer sap —
I who have known your love!

Love Triumphant

And growing things will lean to me
To learn what love hath won,
Till I shall whisper to the dust
That secret of the Sun.

Yea, though my spirit never wake
To hear the voice I knew,
Even an endless sleep would be
Stirred by the dreams of You!

Love Triumphant

LOVE'S PRICE

WHEN I look for roses,
 Bittersweet and rue!
Can it be that this is love? —
 This my dream come true?
Love I thought would bring me
 Only perfect joy, —
That was twelve long months ago
 When I was a boy.

O a twelvemonth's longing!
 O a twelvemonth's pain! —
Sunshine only when the clouds
 Lift above the rain!
Doubt that dreads the morrow,
 Care, before unguess'd, —
Then a shaft of golden joy
 Quivering in my breast!

Yet I still press forward,
 Scornful of my wound,
I will love while years shall last
 And the earth goes 'round!
Should a man turn craven,
 Challenged by Desire?

Lobe Triumphant

Nay, love blesses while it burns —
Let me face the fire!

Lads who lust for pleasure,
Long for ease and mirth,
I no longer walk with you
Down a flow'r-clad earth;
Love's white feet allure me
Up a steeper way,
Though I bleed I follow Her
Where the peaks are gray!

Love Triumphant

JOY AND SACRIFICE

I GAVE you all that I had,
And the giving made me glad;
So great was my love the while,
I asked neither thanks nor smile.

If you only would let me pour
My service before your door,
My worship around your feet,
The days and the nights were sweet.

But what an end is this!
Your lips that I may not kiss
At last, with a frown, command
I lay no gifts in your hand.

Yet, dearest, before we part
Let me speak this word from my heart:
I have striven and lost, and yet
I hold no thought of regret.

I have owned life's costliest thing;
Though I have drunk from a spring
Where my thirst could never slake,
I have given up all for your sake

Lobe Triumphant

And loved you purely and well
With a peace I can never tell,
And I breathe toward Heav'n this word:
Bless Thou my Love, O Lord!

My Love who never gave
The joy that starved hearts crave,
Yet pays me a richer price
For service and sacrifice.

She has taught me that life can bring
No better and nobler thing
Than a spirit that gives and gives;
O bless my Love while she lives!

Love Triumphant

THE SURVIVOR

WHEN the last day is ended,
And the nights are through;
When the last sun is buried
In its grave of blue;

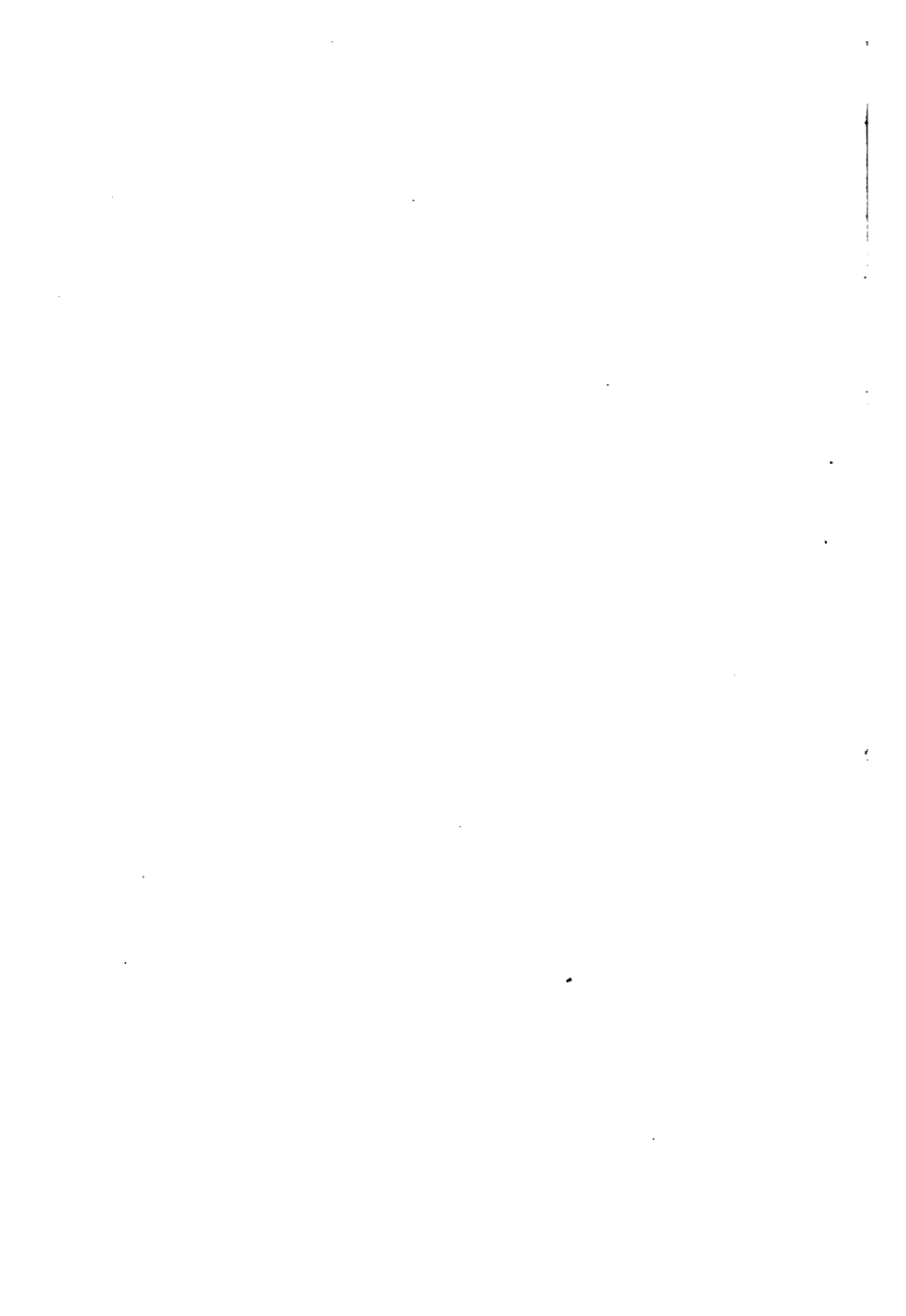
When the stars are snuffed like candles,
And the seas no longer fret;
When the winds unlearn their cunning,
And the storms forget;

When the last lip is palsied,
And the last prayer said;
Love shall reign immortal
While the worlds lie dead!

II.

“Love which is the essence of God.”

— *Emerson.*



Love Triumphant

THE LARGER VIEW

IN buds upon some Aaron's rod
The childlike ancient saw his God;
Less credulous, more believing, we
Read in the grass — Divinity.

From Horeb's bush the Presence spoke
To earlier faiths and simpler folk;
But now each bush that sweeps our fence
Flames with the awful Immanence!

To old Zacchæus in his tree
What mattered leaves and botany?
His sycamore was but a seat
Whence he could watch that hallowed street.

But now to us each elm and pine
Is vibrant with the Voice divine,
Not only from but in the bough
Our larger creed beholds Him now.

To the true faith, bark, sap and stem
Are wonderful as Bethlehem;
No hill nor brook nor field nor herd
But mangers the Incarnate Word!

Love Triumphant

Far be it from our lips to cast
Contempt upon the holy past —
Whate'er the Finger writes we scan
In Sinai, prophecies, or man.

Again we touch the healing hem
In Nazareth or Jerusalem;
We trace again those faultless years;
The cross commands our wondering tears.

Yet if to us the Spirit writes
On Morning's manuscript and Night's,
In gospels of the growing grain,
Epistles of the pond and plain,

In stars, in atoms, as they roll,
Each tireless round its occult pole,
In wing and worm and fin and fleece,
In the wise soil's surpassing peace, —

Thrice ingrate he whose only look
Is backward focussed on the Book,
Neglectful what the Presence saith,
Though He be near as blood and breath!

The only atheist is one
Who hears no Voice in wind or sun,
Believer in some primal curse,
Deaf in God's loving universe!

Lobe Triumphant

VERITAS

AH, no more the lyre of deep-brow'd Homer
Drops like golden rain in joy of battle
Those slow spondees and those headlong dactyls —

Sounding lines, and every line a lyric!

Ah, no more the harp of dreaming David —
On whose eye of faith there flash'd the Vision,
From his own pure heart projected skyward —
Spills its splendid ecstasy of worship.

Shall we then hark back to sage and shepherd,
Put our lips to Iliads and Psalters,
Quaffing mighty wines of war and worship,
Wild and wistful with forgotten questions,
Satisfied with draughts that leave us thirsting?

Nay, the rather face the future boldly,
Let who will look back, be ours to-morrow!
Psalms for those who like, for us truth only,
That new Science which is Faith and Worship,
That old Worship which still lives transfigured:
God in all things — force and mind and matter,
Immanent, immutable, immortal!

Love Triumphant

DIRECTIONS TO A TRAVELLER

“ **H**OW far must I follow this dusty way? ”
Till the hills grow faint in the twilight
gray.

“ Must I keep the road till it drops from
sight? ”

At the line of the sky is a path to the right.

“ And what is the name of the cross-road
there? ”

The name on the finger-post is *Care*.

“ And must I travel that new path far? ”
Till the West is bright with the Evening Star.

“ And how many miles must I journey then? ”
Till you reach the Tavern of All Good Men.

“ And how many roofs shall I have to pass? ”
But one: that Hostelry, thatched with grass.

“ And whither thence at the dawn of day? ”
The Host, when He wakes you, will point the
way.

Lobe Triumphant

THE TWOFOLD PRAYER

WHEN grass is green and tall, lad,
When hills are white with sheep,
When whetstones ring against the scythe,
And the sauntering brook's asleep;
When trees are loud with flutter and song
And not a bough is sad,
When skies are smiling in God's face,
And even man is glad;
When June flees down her laughing lanes
As fast as foot can fall,
The castles that our fancies build
Are fair as Ilion's wall;

Yet this must be the boon, lad,
To ask the jealous years:
"Oh, if ye may, bring laughter,
And, if ye must, bring tears."

For soon the grass shall wither, lad,
And winter come with snow,
Soon other hands shall hold the shear,
And other arms shall mow,

Love Triumphant

Soon Helen's face must yield its grace,
And youth must lose its Troy,
For love unlearns its pleasure, lad,
And June forgets her joy.
Oh, life must give this ignorant heart
The penance that it needs! —
How long a rosary seem our days
When sorrow counts the beads!

Yes, this shall be the prayer, lad,
We ask the coming years:
"Oh, if ye may, bring laughter,
And, if ye must, bring tears."

Lobe Triumphant

GOLGOTHA

OUR crosses are hewn from different trees,
But we all must have our Calvaries;
We may climb the height from a different side,
But we each go up to be crucified;
As we scale the steep, another may share
The dreadful load that our shoulders bear,
But the costliest sorrow is all our own —
For on the summit we bleed alone.

Love Triumphant

THE NURSE

("Death, the nurse of all")

EVENING now has come with shadows,
Colder grows the air,
Look! the Sun takes down his pictures
Till his walls are bare.

She we fear, the icy-bosomed,
With her cold, kind face,
Bending over, like a mother,
Draws to her embrace,

Crooning, "Night has come, and darkness,
Dear ones, ye are tired,
I have brought you only slumber —
I, the Undesired.

"Ye shall sleep in dreamless quiet
Where no griefs can pass,
Tears will never wet your eyelids
Underneath the grass.

"If ye miss the hands of loved ones
Ye have press'd so oft,

Love Triumphant

Lo, the roots of flowers have fingers
That are cool and soft!"

Good night! we must rise and follow
Her who fares before, —
How the playthings strew the pathway
To that chamber-door!

Nurse of all, thou unforgetful!
Gentle watch-care take,
Till, resigned to arms more loving,
All the children wake!

Love Triumphant

LAUS MORTIS

NAY, why should I fear Death,
Who gives us life, and in exchange takes
breath?

He is like cordial Spring
That lifts above the soil each buried thing; —

Like Autumn, kind and brief —
The frost that chills the branches, frees the
leaf; —

Like Winter's stormy hours
That spread their fleece of snow to save the
flowers; —

The lordliest of all things —
Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings!

Fearing no covert thrust,
Let me walk onward, armed with valiant trust,

Dreading no unseen knife,
Across Death's threshold step from life to life!

Love Triumphant

O all ye frightened folk,
Whether ye wear a crown or bear a yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,
When once your coverlet of grass is spread,

What daybreak need you fear?
The love will rule you there which guides you
here!

Where Life, the Sower, stands,
Scattering the ages from his swinging hands,

Thou waitest, Reaper lone,
Until the multitudinous grain hath grown.

Scythe-bearer, when thy blade
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid!

God's husbandman thou art!—
In His unwithering sheaves, O bind my heart!

Love Triumphant

A PRAYER

WHETHER my place be Thine abode
 above,
Or earth, this school of love,
Not mine the errand to the court of kings,
 But quiet, homely things —
Not mine the mission to the farthest sun,
 But some more childlike one;
I do not ask a seat at Thy right hand, —
 Nay, Father, bid me stand.

Lobe Triumphant

BIRTH

GOD thought: —
A million blazing worlds were wrought!

God will'd: —
Earth rose, while all Creation thrill'd!

God spoke: —
And in The Garden love awoke!

God smiled: —
Lo, in the mother's arms, a child!

Love Triumphant

THE GOLDEN DOOR

WHEN I have won to the Golden Door,
Who will open to me?
“They who have had on this little earth
Alms or a smile from thee.”

When I have won to the Golden Door,
What will be writ thereon?
“This is the gate of the Evermore,
The goal of the Evergone.”

When I have won to the Golden Door,
What shall I see beyond?
“Work for the lusty, beds for the tired,
Love for lips that are fond.”

When I have won to the Golden Door,
What will the password be?
“Love is the password, love is the toll,
Love is the golden key.”

Love Triumphant

CREDO

I KNOW no sin except the lack of love,
I recognize the victory in defeat;
No gulf divides life here from life above,
I spell perfection in the incomplete.

A foe to dogma, still I hold a creed,
For I believe that all life brings is good,
That sharing bread and wine with men who need
Is the new sacrament of brotherhood.

I know the way we tread is rough and long,
And yet to toil and bleed am nothing loth,
And thus I journey homeward with a song,
Since in the very struggle lies my growth.

And when I reach that last green hostelry
Whence none have ever yet been turned away,
The slumber will be sound which falls on me,
Till dawns that longer, new, divine To-day.

Joy! only joy! for Love is there and here —
Peace, only peace! though desperate my distress;

I find no foeman in the road but Fear —
To doubt is failure, and to dare, success!

Love Triumphant

LOVE IMMORTAL

CHURCHES, nay, I count you vain, —
Lifting high a gloomy spire,
Like some frozen form of pain
Aching up to meet desire;
Standing from God's poor apart —
Granite walls and granite heart!

Sects, ye have your day, and die,
Eddies in the stream of truth, —
The great current, sweeping by,
Leaves you swirled in shapes uncouth,
Born to writhe, and glint, and woo —
Broken mirrors of the Blue.

Creeds! — O captured heavenly bird,
Fluttering heart and folded wing!
Shall ye see those pinions stirred?
Can your caged Creation sing?
Will ye herald as your prize
What was bred to soar the skies?

Rites and pomp, what part have ye
In the service of the heart?

Love Triumphant

Rituals are but mummary,
Faith's white flame is snuffed by art;
Candles be but wick and wax,
Alms have grown the temple-tax.

Yet the East is red with dawn,
Like a cross where One hath bled!
And upon that splendor drawn —
Gentle eyes and arms outspread —
See that figure stretched above!
As God lives! its name is Love!

Love that lights the fireless brands,
Love that cares for world and wren,
Bleeding from the broken hands —
Crowned with thorns that conquer men;
Only Love's great eyes inspire
Church, sect, creed to glow with fire.

Yet our lips shall have no sneer
For the spire, the mosque, the ark,
Broken symbols shall be dear
If they point us through the dark, —
Laws and scripture served our youth
Who have grown the sons of truth!

Love Triumphant

BETHLEHEM MORN

INTO the city of David rode
A man and a girl to a mean abode,
He the carpenter, staunch of limb,
She the virgin espoused to him.

And lo! in the pastures white with sheep
The flocks were stirring, aroused from sleep,
While far from the hillsides, fresh with morn,
The bleating of hungry lambs was borne;

And as through the warm air, moist with dew,
Drifted the cry of each answering ewe,
The woman flushed, with a sudden start,
And pressed both hands beneath her heart.

“Mary, why dost thou ride so ill?”

Mine eyes were turned to yonder hill.

“Mary, why dost thou start with fear?”

The promised day of the Lord is near!

Love Triumphant

THE WIDOW'S SON

O HOW they welcomed him once more —
The wondering lads of Nain!
He stood before the widow's door
Whom Death had robbed in vain!

And as he joined them in their sports,
What must his heart have said —
He who had lain within the courts
Where sleep the fleshless dead!

And she whose arms won back their all
From the eternal years,
Ah, God! behind her cottage wall,
What gratitude and tears!

Now son and mother both are dust,
With all the lads they knew,
No prophet stayed Death's second thrust
Beneath the Syrian blue.

But still the gentle hand is strong
Which touched the unquicken'd clay;
Wherever Sorrow's children throng
The Nazarene walks to-day!

Love Triumphant

SHEKINAH

ARK that rode the Deluge wave
Found on Ararat her grave,
All her stalwart gopher-wood
Rotted in that solitude:

Ark that held the holy things,
Shadow'd by the golden wings,
Fallen into dust, is blown
Round the hills where once it shone.*

Yet the Covenant is true,
God hath kept His oath with you;
In the humblest heart, behold
Something costlier than gold!—
Hush! within that quivering shrine
Broods the Immanent Divine!

Love Triumphant

THE SEA OF FAITH

HAVE you lifted anchor and hoisted sail?
Does your ship stand out to sea?
Have you scoff'd at peril and dared the gale
Where the waves and the winds are free?

Is safety a thought that you count disgrace
When duty and danger call?
Would you stand on the deck with a smile on
your face
And perish the first of all?

Is your old sail salt with the frozen foam
And gray as a sea-gull's wing?
Do you never long for land and home
When the great waves clutch and cling?

O the Sea of Faith hath storms, God knows,
And the haven is very far,
But he is my brother-in-blood who goes
With his eye on the polar star,

With his hand on the canvas, his foot on the
ropes,
His heart beating loud in his breast,

Love Triumphant

With dauntless courage and quenchless hopes
And the old divine unrest!

The swift keels chafe in the Harbor of Doubt,
They were built for the glorious blue,
Where the stout masts bend and the sailors
shout,
And the wave-drench'd compass is true!

Then here's my hand, O lad of my heart,
O dauntless spirit and free!
The tide is high! They strain, they start! —
The ships of the infinite sea!

Love Triumphant

THE ANSWER

"MAKE of my heart," I cried, "a lyre
whereon

The wind of man's desire shall sweep some
string

Into immortal music; utterly gone

My dearest hopes unless I gain this thing;"

Then the calm Voice: "Nay, son, thy prayer is
wild,

But thou mayest feed, for Me, an hungry
child."

"Give me to die in some supreme emprise,

And, falling, shout, 'They flee, the field is
ours;'

When Stephen raised to Heav'n those angel
eyes,

The stones that crush'd his body seem'd like
flowers;

A martyr's or a warrior's death be mine!"

"Nay, dreamer, thou must learn to serve, not
shine."

Love Triumphant

“Yea, let me serve; be mine the holy wrath
Which deals the heart of Vice its deadliest
thrust,

Better a thousand perils in my path
Than such sad safety where the roads are
dust;”

“Nay, child, thy peril is thy restless will,—
Thy task is patience; suffer and be still!”

“O Infinite Love, I lean my heart on Thine!
The humblest task Thou hast my joy shall be!
Behold, the sandiest pathways grow divine
If so these leagues of desert lead toward
Thee;

Come joy or pain, Thy will not mine be done.”
“At last thy prayer is answered, O my son!”

Lobe Triumphant

A SIMPLE STORY

SHE sewed the little caps and frocks,
And bought the cradle-bed,
“Though I may die, he shall not want
For anything,” she said.

One morn within her arms they laid
The long-awaited guest —
The mother lived, but, ah, the child
Was cold upon her breast!

And sadly in that careful drawer,
With tiny clothes replete,
They left the fair white things untouched,
All save the winding-sheet —

All save a little doll-like robe,
Fetched forth with tears to be
The silent stranger's only dress
Until eternity.

Lobe Triumphant

HER TRANSPLANTED ROSE

TO M. C. G.

HE came to her in the early dawn,
And lived in her arms one day,
But the little baby soul was tired,
It had fared such a long, long way.

She thought it only an earthly flower,
Though the sweetest ever blown,
Nor guess'd how in that blossoming life
Was an angel made her own.

But a whisper grew at the lips of the world,
The sun rode, hush'd and high,
She look'd, and caught the eye of God
As the sorrowing winds went by;

And her heart lay close to the Heart of All,
While the morning held its breath,
Ah me! the messenger stole so near,
And the name on his wings was Death!

And in the silence the truth grew plain —
How a finer soil than ours

Lobe Triumphant

Is needed to ripen the fairest souls
For the garden of heavenly flowers.

And the child, when the Summons came at dusk,
Look'd up with its eyes of blue
Straight into the vision, as though to say,
"How long I have watched for you!"

Then fell back cold on its mother's breast —
And she knew, though her eyes were dim,
While this meant torturing grief for her,
It was endless peace for him.

And the flowers they sent to the lonely room
Wither'd beside her bed,
But her little immortal flower was safe; —
She smiled when they call'd it dead!

Love Triumphant

THE STEPS

SEIZE your staff! beyond this height
We shall find the Infinite Light!
Gird your thigh! this sword shall hew
Paths that reach the untroubled blue!
Though dark mountains form the stair,
It is ours to climb and dare!
Law, truth, love — the peaks are three:
Sinai, Olives, Calvary!

Lobe Triumphant

ON THE PATH

“ **O**H, the sea is so gray,
And the sky is so black;
Thorns and briers choke the way, —
Must I die, or turn back? ”

*Underfoot is the trail,
And the Goal is not far;
On the sea is a sail,
In the sky is a star!*

Love Triumphant

TO AN OAK

O TIME - DEFIER! standing near the
way

Where thousands pass who are but leaves to
thee,

Clinging to the frail bough, Humanity,
And both alike earth-destined, thou and they,
I look on thee with wonder, — let me stay

Beneath thy stalwart shadow, till I see

Clearly the vision thou wouldst bring to me:

I shall surmount defeat, survive decay!

Thy soil is Earth, and mine is God; if I

Could thrust my roots down with such faith
as thine,

What leaves and boughs of love would greet the
sky,

Their buried lips thirst-quench'd at springs
divine,

Yea, thy hale permanence were less than mine,
I who, though slain by Death, can never die!

Lobe Triumphant

A CHALLENGE

DEFEAT and I are strangers; though the
scourge
Of wild injustice, knotted with all wrongs,
Writhe round my spirit, if I cannot smile,
Then write me craven, say, "He met the test
Sent to all souls, only to faint and fall,
His courage grovels, let us call him slave!"
O rather, when the mad Hands through the
dark,
Unseen and self-provoked, shall lash my will,
Let me the stauncher bare me to the blow,
Rise, hide my hurt, suppress the groan, fold
arms,
Erect and scornful, though my back may bleed,
Though flesh, nerve, sensibilities, cry out!
Not otherwise Zenobia must have felt,
Fettered with golden fetters, when she walked
Behind Aurelian's chariot, still a queen!
Not otherwise Napoleon, when he trod
That abject island, where the very guards
Felt him the master, though they bore the guns
And he was weaponless, the man whose eye
Could daunt Disaster and command the world.

Love Triumphant

Thus would I live and thus would die; I come
God knows! of a long lineage of kings: —
Burke, Cromwell, Luther, Paul, and Socrates,
Emerson, Milton, Cranmer, Charlemagne,
Columbus, Tolstoi, Lincoln, Augustine —
The monarchs of the spirit in all times,
Exalted thrones defiant of decay.
Then hurl all thunderbolts upon my brow,
Dash me, O life, with waves of salt and blood,
Empty thy quiver, Sorrow, in my breast,
Ye cannot, O ye Powers, compel my soul,
For, rob me as ye will, three things are left
Which make your fury impotent and vain:
That pride in self that lifts me from the worm,
These sympathies that join me to my kind,
This Higher Hope that hands me on to God,
And armors me in immortality!

Love Triumphant

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

I HEARD a preacher talk of Heaven, a land
Reserved for him and his, the Lord's elect;
He threatened vengeance with a clench'd right
hand

On doubters of the dogmas of his sect.

"One shall be taken and the other left;
What widow knows, wild with the parting
kiss,

But God may choose that she remain bereft,
Divorced by Hell's impassable abyss?

"A mother will not meet her child when Death
Disjoins them, if his soul be unredeemed,
These loves of earth are fugitive as breath
And have no weight with God." Thus he
blasphemed.

Merely a boy, as I beheld the sky
Through the church windows, I grew sick
with fear,
As fatherless as Hagar's child felt I,
Beggared of hope and naked of all cheer.

Love Triumphant

I left the barren room, while still the flock
Were worshipping their God, or thought they
were, —
“Joy!” smiled the flowers, “Peace!” sang each
patient rock,
“Love!” shouted forth each wild bird-chor-
ister.

And happy children raced along a brook,
And matched with innocent boasts their rival
speed;
But service now was out, — I saw rebuke
In faces blackened by a loveless creed.

Then flashed God’s truth! and from that day
the lies
Framed by the creeds of men, which mock our
earth,
Burlesque the sun and travesty the skies,
I value only at their worthless worth.

Heaven? What is Heaven! Escape from burn-
ing coals,
Or simply love? Well, one thing it is never:
An aristocracy of virtuous souls
Where the self-righteous sun themselves for-
ever!

Love Triumphant

To think that Love's creator rashly hurled
To outer darkness such a masterpiece! —
Love — the best gift in this or any world,
Made perfect, to be shattered in caprice.

Omar

A pagan, bowing down to sea or sun
Or harmless idol on his cabin shelf,
Is nearer Truth than you whose God is one
Less good and merciful than you yourself.

If God is God, and if His name be Love,
Can He elect or damn like some mad Fate?
Far better say no life exists above
Than bend the knee to worship infinite Hate!

Love must survive, a thing of all delight,
In this fair Heaven between the grass and
blue
And in what Heavens may lie beyond our
sight, —
But who elects it? is it God, or you?

Lobe Triumphant

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

TORN upon Thy wheel,
Foul'd with blood and dust,
Still my heart can feel,
Still trust;

Still my lips can urge,
"Heal me with Thy sword,
Cleanse me with Thy scourge,
Lord, Lord!"

Though a bleeding clod,
Faint with thirst and pain,
Still my hopes, dear God,
Remain;

Yea, and more than hope:
Faith! a prayer! a wing!
Even on Calvary's slope,
I sing!

Love Triumphant

O TROUBLED OVER MANY THINGS

O TROUBLED over many things,
Choose thou the better part, —
Service unconscious of itself
And childlikeness of heart.

Why breathe Earth's heavy atmosphere,
Forgetful one can fly,
When the high zenith, Infinite Love,
Allures us to the sky?

The virtues hide their vanquish'd fires
Within that whiter flame,
Till conscience grows irrelevant
And duty but a name!

III.

"Love covereth all sins."

— *Proverbs x. 12.*

"Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving."

— *Whittier.*

Love Triumphant

THE GLASS

TO the Great Mirror toddled the wee child,
And viewed his puzzled eyes there, wonder-wild:

“Who are you, baby? Are you me? Say true!”

He scarce could guess, but all too soon he knew!

To the Great Mirror strode the man mature,
Passion and guilt defaced a brow once pure;
He groaned, “Is that myself? Thou shade of hell,

Would God thou couldst deceive! I know thee well!”

Lobe Triumphant

SIN'S FOLIAGE

DO you ask why this woman has always a
shadow on her face?
In her girlhood she planted in virgin soil a
sweet sin,
And she looked only for joy from the shoots,
tender and fresh,
But when years passed, and Memory had watered it,
And Remorse had dugged about and dunged it,
And Conscience, the owl, had hooted from its
branches night and day,
She learned that she had planted the seeds
thereof in her own soul, and that whilst
the soil grew thinner the roots had waxed
longer and the branches mightier,
And now she sits where the sunlight can never
enter, in the dense shadow of the boughs,
And strives to stay her hunger with their fruit.

Lobe Triumphant

ONE WOMAN

THE souls of Strauss and Schubert
Swept through the violins,
But what cared she who danced apart —
She, alone with her sins!

For under the roses and diamonds,
And back of the lips that smiled,
Sat Memory holding The Secret,
As a mother holds her child!

Love Triumphant

BETRAYED

*WHOSO has lived to love and bless,
Given nay for nay and yes for yes,
Will find my fable foolishness.*

Albeit he had thought to woo her,
When he met happiness he drew her
Apart from all men's sight, and slew her.

Yet were his hands and conscience clean;
Some monstrous Folly rose unseen
To teach him crimes he could not mean.

His lips keep up a brave disguise,
But one can read within his eyes
Such thoughts as these, beneath all lies:

“Only to think that, poised above
A bosom softer than a dove,
My hand should stab the heart I love!

“One fierce caress, one playful blow —
Her life-blood stained her breast of snow;
Yet, O my God, how could I know!”

Lobe Triumphant

*Whoso has fall'n from Heav'n to Hell,
In one mad moment's fateful spell, —
For you, for you, this parable!*

Love Triumphant

TO THE MOON

SISTER, what Death which finds no god to
quicken
Infects that sky where thou wast set of
old? —

For now thou liest, leper-white and stricken,
With shrunken breasts and cold.

How came the passionate fires of love to languish,
Sucked from the fierce veins of thy sire, the
Sun?
O wrinkle-browed and barren, whence thine anguish?
Whisper it, hapless one!

Art thou Heaven's broken heart? When Earth
beneath thee
Forsook love's orbit, innocent and fair,
And followed paths of sin, did Fate bequeath
thee
The task of watching there? —

Love Triumphant

Watching with sunken eyes and pallid features
And horror-smitten face as white as snow
This home of profligate and sorrowing crea-
tures
That mocks thee from below?

Love Triumphant

LOST

NIGHT scattered gold-dust in the eyes of
Earth,
My heart was blinded by the excess of stars,
As, filled with youth and joy, I kept the Way.

The solitary and unweaponed Sun
Slew all the hosts of darkness with a smile,
And it was Dawn. And still I kept the Way.

The Winds, those hounds that only God can
leash,
Bayed on my track, and made the morning wild
With loud confusion, but I kept the Way.

The hours climbed high. Peace, where the
Zenith broods,
Fell, a blue feather from the wings of Heav'n:
Lo! it was Noon. And still I kept the Way.

At length one met me as my footsteps
flagged, —
Within her eyes oblivion, on her lips
Delirious dreams — and I forgot the Way.

Love Triumphant

And still we wander — who knows whitherward!
Our sandals torn, in either face despair,
Passion burnt out — God! I have lost the Way.

O for that dusty trail, the stones, the thorns!
These meadow flowers they burn me like hell's
flame.

Harlot, I hate thee! O the Way! the Way!
Before I die, one glimpse! the Way! the Way!

Love Triumphant

THE THREE

MARY of Nazareth, loving and kind,
The mission of Him she bore divined
Vaguely and dim, with a wondering mind.

Mary of Bethany, gentle and fair,
Gave Him what cheer her home could spare,
And smiled with the peace of quiet prayer.

Soiled with the dust of the gazing street,
Stealing in where He sat at meat,
Mary the Magdalen kissed His feet.

Mary the virgin marvel'd with fear,
Mary the listener lent Him her ear,
But Mary the prodigal faltered near, —

Tho' wonder and loathing filled the place,
And Simon counted her touch disgrace,
She bent o'er the Master her tear-stain'd
face, —

And her wealth of warm, dark hair, unbound,
About His feet she wound and wound —
Her sobbing was the only sound.

Love Triumphant

Mary the hostess made Him her guest,
He had lain on Mary the Mother's breast,
But the Magdalen's gift was costliest:

She brought her past, its bliss and shame,
Strange sins, wild memories fierce as flame —
And in her tears was wash'd from blame!

One sat with patient joy at His side,
One stood by the Roman cross where He died,
One gave herself and her broken pride.

Love Triumphant

DISCORD

BLUE eyes blurr'd with weeping,
How ye hurt the grace
Of untroubled twilights,
Night's unwrinkled face!

Still the boughs of April
Greet their annual guests,
Still the new-born singers
Stir a thousand nests.

Brooks and fields and pastures
Always seem so glad! —
Oh, how strange that only
You and I are sad!

Oh, how strange that discord
Is a *human* thing,
That God's orchestra can play,
With one broken string!

Though the other instruments —
Joined in faultless tune —
Render perfect symphonies
— Winter, Stars, and June,

Love Triumphant

Inharmonious music

From this human lyre,
Smites the ear of angels
And condemns the choir.

Master of the players,

In whose smile is fame,
Spoilt is all our music —
Hearken to our shame! —

If Thou canst, these broken

Harps again employ;
Tune them to Thy glory
In the key of joy!

Then shall pass from memory

This discordant din
Which disturbs Creation —
Sorrow, Care, and Sin.

Then shall rise forever

From the cloud and clod
Love's majestic chorus: —
“We rejoice, O God!”

Love Triumphant

THE DISCIPLINE OF FAILURE

HERE is what the years at last have taught
me,
This the creed that life, not man, has fashioned:—

Suffering wrought by guilt is never final—
Retribution is but reclamation,
Punishment remedial, self-redemptive,
Sin the scourge wherewith Love drives us sun-
ward,

And remorse no drowning sea of anguish,
But the tear-bath whence we rise unsullied.
Like a child we learn to walk by stumbling—
Learn to shun the flame by tortured fingers;
Though the scars may burn our flesh and spirit
Through Earth's little years, dust-born, grave-
destined,

God has other worlds, and life is timeless;
We shall find the deepest wounds self-healing,
When Love's surgery makes plain its purpose!
Thus believing, I have come to love you,
All who climb with me from self to freedom.
Let me kiss thy lips, O fallen brother!
Let my arms enfold thee, fallen sister!

Lobe Triumphant

Let me trust and love you back to honor,
Let me draw you to the Great Forgiveness, —
Not as one above who stoops to save you,
Not as one who stands aside with counsel,
Nay, as he who says, "I, too, was wounded
With the stones, the briers — I, too, was poi-
soned
With the flowers that sting, but now, arisen,
I am struggling up the path beside you;
Rise! and let us face these heights together."

Love Triumphant

IN A FAR COUNTRY

WHEN God made the last of his creatures,

Man, who should reign,
He gave him the strong, white body,
And the reasoning brain,

A voice which could mould its language
To a silver tone,
A love that was more than passion —
A will like His own!

But the years flowed by — dark waters
Troubled with rain,
Till a sullied stream confronted
The sky's disdain, —

And man, with the wants immortal
And the visions brief,
Grew fain of the terrible pleasures
That are worse than grief,

And there throve such curious vices
For his princely mirth,

Love Triumphant

That He who had shapen this creature
From the sands of earth

Looked down on a brain that faltered,
A song that was dumb,
On beds of lust and of sickness,
On brothel and slum.

But think ye the Artist repented?
Or cast to the void
The work He found good in the making,
As it lay, self-destroyed?

Nay, the infinite Workman ponder'd,
"From him We have wrought
There is only one gift withholden
Ere he reach to Our thought.

"If his heart lack Grace, it is only
A lair for pride;
He must kneel at Our feet for a season,
Ere he reign at Our side.

"We will give him great prodigal cities —
Tyre, Babylon, Rome, —
He shall eat of their husks till he famish,
And his feet turn home!

Love Triumphant

“ He must pray, he must serve, he must suffer,
Till, clean of his stain,
He is humble and meet for Our presence —
Made perfect through pain.”

And man hears the call of his Father,
And dares to rejoice;
Even now, though Earth's harlotries lure him,
He leans tow'rd the Voice!

Love Triumphant

L'ENVOI

O LOVE triumphant over guilt and sin,
My soul is soiled, but Thou shalt enter in ;
My feet must stumble if I walk alone,
Lonely my heart, till beating by Thine own,
My will is weakness till it rest in Thine,
Cut off, I wither, thirsting for the Vine,
My deeds are dry leaves on a sapless tree,
My life is lifeless till it live in Thee !

IV.

"I do love

"My country's good."

— *Shakespeare.*

Love Triumphant

HAIL, AMERICA!

HAIL! child of peak and prairie,
Where'er the morning breaks
Between the two gray oceans,
Between the Gulf and Lakes!
O wrested from the wilderness
And sown with sweat and tears!
O answer of the patriot's prayer,
Goal of the pioneers! —
Rich fabric of the fifty States,
Woven at Freedom's loom,
Three hundred years of history,
Three thousand miles of bloom!
Stand up, good fellows! lift each glass,
And join the toast with me:
America! America!
Our Motherland, America!
A health to thine and Thee!

Lobe Triumphant

THE COMING SINGER

NONE of the old tunes, poet!
Give us the Song of the Real!
Out of the stuff of Freedom
Fashion a new ideal!

No verse in a patron's palace
From mouths that sing for a crust,
But from lips on fire with the soul's desire
That sing because they must!

For this is the land of our winning,
And the Vision grows and grows!
Shod with the sands of Cuba,
Crowned with the Klondike snows!

A Mother of fifty daughters,
Sunburnt and rude and strong,
She has had the glory of conquest,
And she waits the wonder of song.

By our fathers' swords! we love her!
And every child of her brood —
These starry States that cluster
In the pure, proud sisterhood!

Love Triumphant

We will dip no quill with feathers ;
We will write with a blunted pen ;
In the ink of our sweat we will find it yet,
The song that is fit for men !

And the woodsman he shall sing it,
And his axe shall mark the time ;
And the bearded lips of the boatman
While his oar-blades fall in rhyme ;

And the man with his fist on the throttle,
And the man with his foot on the brake,
And the man who will scoff at danger
And die for a comrade's sake ;

And the Hand that wrought the Vision
With prairie and peak and stream
Shall guide the hand of the workman
And help him to trace his dream !—

Till the rugged lines grow perfect,
And round to a faultless whole,
For the West will have found her singer
When her singer has found his soul !

Love Triumphant

THE NEW PATRIOT

WHO is the patriot? he who lights
The torch of war from hill to hill?
Or he who kindles on the heights
The beacon of a world's good-will?

Who is the patriot? he who nails
A flag to some defiant pole?
Or he who follows dangerous trails,
And guides a people to its goal?

Who is the patriot? he who sends
A boastful challenge o'er the sea?
Or he who sows the earth with friends,
And reaps world-wide fraternity?

Who is the patriot? Bonaparte,
Who made a continent his prey?
Or Tolstoi of the gentle heart,
Who shares the peasant's toilsome day?

Is it the Scribe, race-proud, serene,
Smiling his scorn from Moses' seat?
Or the compassionate Nazarene,
With Roman publicans at meat?

Love Triumphant

Who is the patriot? It is he
Who knows no boundary, race, or creed,
Whose nation is humanity,
Whose countrymen all souls that need;

Whose first allegiance is vowed
To the fair land that gave him birth,
Yet serves among the doubting crowd
The broader interests of Earth.

The soil that bred the pioneers
He loves and guards, yet loves the more
That larger land without frontiers,
Those wider seas without a shore.

If duty calls, the first to die
On fields of honor and of fame,
But readier, where the vanquish'd lie,
To heal the wounded, raise the lame.

Who is the patriot? Only he
Whose business is the general good,
Whose keenest sword is sympathy,
Whose dearest flag is brotherhood.

Lobe Triumphant

THE MASTERS

INCOMPARABLE white galaxy of suns!
O stars of song whose lustre blinds the
day —

Æschylus, Homer, Shakespeare, — deathless
ones

Holding on high your proud and lonely way!

Rulers of Night's domain of domeless space,
Transcendent thrones, victorious over Time,
Slaying with splendor from your distant place
A thousand flickering satellites of rhyme!

God! what are we, that underneath such skies
We dare to light our tapers! From afar
The constellations watch this mad emprise:
A puny candle challenging a star!

Love Triumphant

Democracy, unchain'd to sect and school,
Strides darkly forth to meet her destined
hour!

For lo! at last within the barbarous West
A fair, unfetter'd land has risen and reigned,
Throned in the crags, and from her tawny
breast
The milk of liberty has long been drained,

Till there have grown fierce daughters in her
gates,
Guarding the jealous portals of the free,
A stalwart sisterhood of equal States,
Hand clasping hand with love from sea to sea!

Great Motherland arisen from the waves,
Lake-girdled, polar-crown'd, and tropic-shod,
Who bought her freedom with a million graves,
And never bowed the knee except to God!

Shall feudal rhymesters of an outworn brood,
In pale, perfunctory verse sing such as she?
Rather a race unkempt, athletic, rude,
Rough as the prairies, tameless as the sea!

Love Triumphant

Yet not alone upon these rugged coasts
Hath Freedom raised her throne; she reigns
where'er

Serfs cry for vengeance to the Lord of Hosts,
Or exiled peasants grasp the sword of prayer.

True to their vision were the bards of old,
But this more glorious dream demands new
wings;
Hail him who soared to heights remote and cold,
Thrice hail, who loves the People's cause, and
sings!

He may not lord those empires of the skies
Where art, immutable, immortal, gleams,
But he will strip the scales from slumbering eyes,
And nations half-awake shall learn their
dreams!

Great God! give us to strike the People's lyre
Once, only once! then perish if we must!
One hour of life, to lead that grander choir
Whose noblest notes will echo o'er our dust!

And when Thy hand has seal'd these lips with
clay,
And we are soil for Earth's recurrent Springs,

Lobe Triumphant

Speed Thou the feet that scale the heavenward
way,
And touch with quenchless fire each tongue
that sings!

Until that sturdier race of bards arise,
Sprung from the toilers at the bench and
plough, —
The splendor of the Past within their eyes,
The grandeur of the Present on their brow!

Lobe Triumphant

THE NEW AGE

WHEN navies are forgotten
And fleets are useless things,
When the dove shall warm her bosom
Beneath the eagle's wings, —

When memory of battles
At last is strange and old,
When nations have one banner
And creeds have found one fold, —

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight
With its powdered drift of suns
Has hushed this tiny tumult
Of sects and swords and guns, —

Then Hate's last note of discord
In all God's worlds shall cease,
In the conquest which is service,
In the victory which is peace!

Love Triumphant

SON OF THE PURITANS

SON of the Puritans, can it be thou,
Harness'd for slaughter with bayonet
and blade?

Weeds in thy furrows, rust on thy plough,
Death for thy trade?

Fruitless the planting in War's black soil!
What do the red-handed husbandmen reap? —
Cripples that languish, children that toil,
Widows who weep!

Ah, these death-gleaners must learn as they mow
Darkest of secrets that History hoards:
*Only a harvest of hatred can grow
From a sowing of swords!*

Love Triumphant

DIVES AND LAZARUS, 1904

I.

ONE sat in his hall,
One lay at the gate;
One had praise from all,
One had hate.

What can make amends
When disaster flogs?
One had kings for friends,
One had dogs!

One, when robbed by Death,
Yielded up his bags;
One lost only breath
And his rags.

Yet that very night
Saw the Gulf uncross'd,
Lazarus clothed in light;
Dives lost!

And one writhing soul
Learn'd this truth's sad force:

Love Triumphant

Hell's most torturing coal
Is remorse.

Oh, that wild, wild cry! —
“ Bridge this gulf for us,
Thou enthroned on high,
Lazarus!”

II.

Sleek and plunder-fed,
Dives of to-day,
Hoard your wine and bread
While you may!

Gorge in kingly state! —
But that gaunt and grim
Lazarus at your gate —
What of him!

Call your thefts “ a trust ” —
Words can have no weight
With the always just
Scales of Fate.

Hospitals and schools
Built on public fraud
Are a sop that fools
Throw at God!

Love Triumphant

Turn your heavy eyes
Tow'rd your palace doors, —
Help that wretch to rise!
Heal his sores!

Faint from scourge and rod,
Foul with blood and dust,
Hear him cry — great God! —
For a crust!

Ah! the chasm fixed
Between him and you
Is the gulf betwixt
False and true!

Slave, whose table groans
With all fruits that be!
Beggar on the stones,
Starved, yet free!

Which shall stand, uncowed,
Clean, without scar,
Before History's proud
Judgment bar?

Lobe Triumphant

THE CHRISTMAS FOR AMERICA

I HEAR no angels in the skies,
I hear the toiler mourn his lot, —
I catch a thousand mingled cries:
“Fate rules,” “God is,” and “God is not.”

I see no hillsides gray with sheep,
I meet no Magi on the road;
I see the crippled beggar creep,
Striving to stand beneath his load.

O Nazareth Carpenter who cursed
The pride and avarice of thy day,
We would observe thy birth, but first
Thy Sermon on the Mount obey.

If thou shouldst come once more to men
In this, the later Promised Land,
Would not thy great heart break again
To find these wrongs on every hand:

Labor, heart-smitten, left to die,
Beneath the feet of conquest hurled,
Or, lifting hatred's torch on high,
Wreaking revenge upon the world?

Love Triumphant

O galaxy of virgin States,
White constellation of all time! —
What blackness as of Death awaits
If these pure stars grow dark with crime!

I have no Holy Land but thee,
Nation whose hills and prairies wait
The new, the last Nativity, —
That Justice which shall make us great!

Though Freedom's eagle bleeds, he still
Soars from his eyrie tow'rd the sun,
May his torn wings gain strength until
That blazing goal of truth be won!

Vast, wide-stretch'd land! Though years are
long,
When Love's great ends are served in us,
We shall be clean as well as strong,
Kind as we are victorious!

No longer lies at Bethlehem's inn
Lord Jesus in the mangered hay,
Where selfish Wealth repents its sin
The poor man's Christ is born to-day!

Lobe Triumphant

THE WORLD'S NEW WATERWAY

(The Proposed Isthmian Canal)

THOUGH wedded continents unclasp their
 hands
Which they had plighted, palm to palm, in
 youth,
Still closer ties shall bind these severed lands —
 A growing love of liberty and truth.

Disjoin'd but not divorc'd, though twain still
 one,
One in their Western faith, their Eastern
 birth,
Nursed in one cradle 'neath the Orient sun,
 Sent forth alike to lord this larger earth!

O destined lands, that held aloft to God
 The torch of truth unquench'd through hos-
 tile years!
O shores that Bolivar and Lincoln trod!
 O fields of plenty sown with blood and tears!

Lobe Triumphant

Between your coasts, uniting them the more,
Trade's white-wing'd couriers now shall come
and go,
And Peace and Progress guard each trustful
shore,
While the long future centuries goalward
flow!

Lobe Triumphant

TO A MODERN OFFICE BUILDING

WHAT poet dreamed thee? miracle of steel,
Soaring above the steeples to the sky;
What artist drew thee with a holy zeal
Before thy mighty structure rose on high?

Springing from base to cornice with proud ease,
Vast slender cube, hive of the human cells,
Was man, thy maker, such a mote as these
Who swarm within thee, as their task compels?

Or did some giant with a careless hand
Lift high these light screen-walls and airy
frame,
With glad Olympian laughter as he scanned
Thy dwarfed companions, envious of such
fame?

O watchman of the city at thy feet,
Gigantic Argus with the countless eyes,
Hearing the drone of traffic from the street
Like some incessant litany arise!

Labor's cathedral, castle of finance!
No mediæval masterpiece of stone

Love Triumphant

Lifted a grander pile to face God's glance
Than thou upholdest to the heavens alone.

The girder that supports thy weight is thought,
Thy piers and columns type the joys of flight,
Thy very walls within my heart have wrought
Their symbol of the poetry of height.

Art thou the scion of some Titan brood,
Some Atlas on whose back earth's toil is laid?
Rising, self-urged, in patient solitude
Above the smoky, foul abyss of trade?

Nay, thou art offspring of more buoyant race,
A young, fair god, the athlete of the skies,
With sinewy limbs, with joy upon thy face,
With dauntless prophecy within thine eyes!

The type art thou of this vast land to me,
Late risen o'er its fellows, proud and great,
The home of toil and yet superbly free,
Lifting with easy grace Time's monstrous
weight!

Love Triumphant

THE POET FOR TO-DAY

WE have sonnets enough, and songs
 enough,

And ballads enough, God knows!
But we want to-day that cosmic stuff
Whence primitive feeling glows,

Grown, organized to the needs of rhyme
Through the old instinctive laws,
With a meaning broad as the boughs of time
And deep as the roots of cause.

It is passion and power that we need to-day,
We have grace and taste full store;
We need a man who will say his say
With a strength unguessed before:—

No lips that sing at a patron's nod
For the price of a jester's crust,
But a voice whose sagas shall live with God
When the lyres of earth are rust;—

A soul, though clean of the stains of lust,
Which loves all God calls fair,

Love Triumphant

With feet that are soiled with the common dust,
And nature honest and bare ; —

A man who will heed the cry of the poor
Clutched fast in the claws of greed,
Who will fight to the death for the sound and
sure
In the smoky battles of creed ; —

A spirit deaf to alluring sounds
More siren than Truth's command,
God's athlete, wrestling with all that wounds
Home, honor, and native land ;

Whose lines shall glow like molten steel
From being forged in his soul,
Till the very anvil shall burn to feel
The breath of the quenchless coal !

Your dainty wordsters may cry, "Uncouth!"
As they shrink from his bellows' glow,
But the fire he fans is immortal youth,
And how should the bloodless know !

Oh, safety and ease are always spurned
By the poet of God's desire ;
Can you keep your fingers from being burned
If you handle a harp of fire ?

Love Triumphant

NEW ENGLAND

I.

BLEAK was the sea, and pitiless the shore,
When our brave fathers, tyrant-driven,
accurs'd,
Unlock'd the future's inauspicious door,
And, bold of brow, trod Freedom's threshold
first.
Staunch hearts! beneath the arrogant garb of
sect
Beat bosoms warmed by fires not lit on earth,
And the real man — supreme, secure, erect —
Gave to an iron creed its human worth.
The cold frosts fell relentless on the grain,
The cunning savage lurked by rock and tree,
No sound was heard in that lone, desolate plain
Save, on the rocks, the ravings of the sea.
Yet, O our fathers, how your hands were stayed!
The Pilgrim's God was with you — ye were un-
dismayed!

II.

And we, the scions of a gentler age,
The latest birth of slow-maturing Time —

Love Triumphant

Shall we be heirs of that high heritage,
Partakers of that legacy sublime,
And not be sharers of their solemn vow —
Those forest-conquering heroes, dauntless,
free,
By the long, treacherous cape which, then as
now,
With gaunt, crook'd finger beckoned to the
sea?
Tell us, ye stars, that watched their lonely fires,
Yea, watch each generation as it runs —
The witness of their prayers, and our desires
High as their own — say, are we not their
sons?
Shall not the virtues which have made them
great
Rule, animate, enthrall our hearts, control our
State?

III.

Thou art the rough nurse of a hero-brood,
New England, and their mighty limbs by
thee
Were fashioned — they, the bards, the warriors
rude,
Whom Time hath dowered with fame imper-
ishably.

Love Triumphant

But not alone for this I love thee; I

On thy bare mother-breast have laid my head,
And drunk the cool, deep silence, while the sky,

Confederate of my joy, laughed o'er my bed.
Thus have I lain till half I seemed a part —

In my clairvoyant mood — of Nature's plan;
The very landscape crept into my heart,

And they were one — the sense, the soul, of
man;

My kinship with life's myriad forms I knew: —
Worms in the world of green, wings in the world
of blue!

IV.

Nor less I loved thee in those hours of blight

When winter fell upon thee like a sleep;

Again I watch along the drifted white

The dark triangle of the snow-plough sweep,
Behold the oxen draw the creaking sled,

Hear the sharp sleet rehearse upon the pane,
See the wise village prophets shake the head

While through the elms the witless winds com-
plain.

Ah, in those hours, O native hills! I know

Alert beneath thy guise of seeming dead

The roots are warm, the saps of summer flow,

The wings of immortality are bred!

Love Triumphant

In all things reigns one immanent Control:
The life beneath the snow, the Life within my
soul!

v.

Then hail, ye hills! like rough-hewn temples
set,
With granite beams, upon this earth of God!
Austerer halls of worship never yet
Had feet of Puritan or Pilgrim trod:
Abrupt Chocorua, Greylock's hoary height,
Katahdin, with her peak of bare, scarr'd
stone,
Sloping Monadnock, and, in loftier flight,
Thou, rising to the eternal heavens, alone —
Thy Sun-wooded sisters, less divinely proud,
Bribed to compliance by their suitor's gold —
Thou, wrapt in thy stern drapery of a cloud,
Chaste, passionless, inviolably cold,
Mount Washington! sky-shouldering, freedom-
crowned,
Compatriot with the windy blue above, around!

vi.

And hail, ye waters! whether, mountain-locked,
The timid lake shines in the valley's palm,

Lobe Triumphant

Where strident human discord never mocked

With alien clamor the primeval calm;

Or whether streams insistent to the sea

Urge their impatient way, till far behind

The hills are left, and, black with industry,

Through long, low meadow-lands their path
they wind.

O'er stream and lake alike the slight canoe,

Artful though forest-born, once found its
course,

By dark hands guided which the war-axe
knew —

Hands skilled in dexterous craft and fearless
force.

Now by those waters blue the warriors sleep;

The still heights taciturn the destined secret,
keep!

VII.

Perished that forest-nurtur'd race; the winds

Have scattered past recall their nameless dust.

Forerunners they of more heroic kinds,

The harsh Fates slew them, but the Fates were
just.

Thou more intrepid brood! these hills were
thine

Which had been theirs, O valiant elder band!

Love Triumphant

Let us in our unventurous ease, supine,
Spare those a thought who met the time's demand,
Ploughed these unwilling plains, these woodlands cleared,
The sons of God because the sons of Toil,
Who in this wilderness their temples reared,
But knew no shrine more sacred than their soil.
When tyranny this freeman breed defied,
Through the hot lips of merciless cannon they replied!

VIII.

Who was it, when the British thunders broke,
And Western Conquest staggered to her fall —
Who was it then unchained the tyrant-yoke?
Oh, answer, memory-haunted Faneuil Hall!
And when our North was menaced by her foes,
Blind with the lust of gold, deaf as the sea,
Though bondsmen plead for pity, who arose
And sundered first those shackles — who but thee?
All-sheltering as a mother, thou didst stand,
New England, with thine arms outstretch'd
to save;

Love Triumphant

Europe, the prairied West, on either hand,
And, clinging to thy garment's hem, the slave!
And shall we love thee less whom, at thy shrine,
Our sires pledged in their hearts' best blood —
that costliest wine?

IX.

Nay! though we wander where against the sky
The sun-burnt leagues of low plain stretch
away,

Or where on silver coasts the warm waves sigh
And green, palm-crown'd Decembers vie with
May,

We still are thine; and in our sad, fond dream,
They rest again — these weary feet that
roam:

We see the farm, the orchard, and the stream,
And, rising to the heavens, the hills of home.

The quest of gain has called us from thy breast,
Our common mother! but the noisy mart
Can never drown the inner voice of rest;

The child's pure peace still harbors in our
heart.

Though far our footsteps stray, though years
be long,

The kindred loves of home and truth shall keep
us strong!

V.

**"He strikes a hundred lyres, a thousand strings,
Yet one at heart are all the songs he sings."**

Love Triumphant

A SONG OF DESIRE

THOU dreamer with the million moods,
Of restless heart like me,
Lay thy white hands against my breast
And cool its pain, O Sea!

O wanderer of the unseen paths,
Restless of heart as I,
Blow hither, from thy caves of blue,
Wind of the healing sky!

O treader of the fiery way,
With passionate heart like mine,
Hold to my lips thy healthful cup
Brimmed with its blood-red wine!

O countless watchers of the night,
Of sleepless heart like me,
Pour your white beauty in my soul,
Till I grow calm as ye!

O sea, O sun, O wind and stars,
(O hungry heart that longs!)
Feed my starved lips with life, with love,
And touch my tongue with songs!

Lobe Triumphant

A SONG OF MEMORY

WHEN the frosts are pale with malice,
When the hoarse northeasters blow,
When the clouds are gray and heartless,
And the roads are faint with snow, —
Suddenly the gale grows silent,
Till the white world swims to view,
And the hush and mystery hold me
That those farmhouse evenings knew.

When the meanest branch is vocal,
When the blue is thick with wings,
And the voice of lad and lover
One with every throat that sings,
Then the deathless summers waken,
And my fingers lose the pen,
While the stern Past lends me faces
It can never give again.

When the frost has come with banners
And has captured every hill,
When the staunchest flower has perish'd,
And forsaken boughs are still;

Love Triumphant

Then old memories lead me backward
Down lost roadways brown and wild,
Where 'twas rapture to be living,
Where 'twas heaven to be a child.

Lobe Triumphant

THE GLIMPSE

HOW often I have seen in city streets
Some woman's face, with eyes so like the
sky

One looks to see a bird's wing brush the blue,
With lips arched like the veriest bow of love,
And hair that falls a glory round her brow;
And yet within, beneath, behind it all,
Have spied, with that intenser sight, my soul,
Such hungry longings feeding on themselves
As would shame Famine — o'er the iron song
Of wheels and hoofs, have heard with spirit ear,
Undeafen'd by an instant sympathy,
The tears of all the mothers of the world.

Lobe Triumphant

TO MOTHER NATURE

NATURE, in thy largess, grant
I may be thy confidant!
Taste who will life's roadside cheer
(Tho' my heart doth hold it dear —
Song and wine and trees and grass,
All the joys that flash and pass),
I must put within my prayer
Gifts more intimate and rare.
Show me how dry branches throw
Such blue shadows on the snow, —
Tell me how the wind can fare
On his unseen feet of air, —
Show me how the spider's loom
Weaves the fabric from her womb, —
Lead me to those brooks of morn
Where a woman's laugh is born, —
Let me taste the sap that flows
Through the blushes of a rose,
Yea, and drain the blood which runs
From the heart of dying suns, —
Teach me how the butterfly
Guessed at immortality, —

Lobe Triumphant

Let me follow up the track
Of Love's deathless Zodiac
Where Joy climbs among the spheres
Circled by her moon of tears, —
Tell me how, when I forget
All the schools have taught me, yet
I recall each trivial thing
In a golden, far-off Spring, —
Give me whispered hints how I
May instruct my heart to fly
Where the baffling Vision gleams
Till I overtake my dreams,
And the impossible be done
When the Wish and Deed grow one!

Lobe Triumphant

THE SEA

COME down with me to the moon-led sea,
Where the long wave ebbs and fills.
Are these the tides that follow
As the lunar impulse wills?

Nay, rather this is the heart of God,
Naked under the sky,
And we hear its pulse with wonder —
The shore, and the clouds, and I!

Unearthly, awful, uncompelled,
Eternity framed in clay,
The urge of exhaustless passions,
Rocking beneath the gray!

Its life is the blood of the universe
Through cosmic arteries hurled,
With the throb of its giant pulses
God feeds the veins of the world!

And the lands are wrinkled and gray with time
And scored with a thousand scars,
But the sea is the soul of the Infinite,
Swinging beneath the stars!

Lobe Triumphant

THE WAVERLEY OAKS

(The famous Waverley Oaks, in Waverley Massachusetts, are probably the oldest in America. Professor Agassiz estimated the age of one of the group at about a thousand years.)

HOW many a fruitful season ye have
known, —

The planting, and the scything, and the
sheaves!

While races throve and died, ye tower'd alone,
Shedding the centuries lightly as your leaves.

Shielding from tempest's wrath each trustful
nest

That asks a shelter from the heat or rain,
Wrestling with winds that wound Earth's inno-
cent breast,

Huge athletes, gnarled, storm-wounded, yet
unslain!

Contemptuous of decay, ye watched them
pass —

The days unwarmed by smiles, unwet by
tears,

When o'er the forests and the unshorn grass,
Suns rose and waned on lone, primeval years;

Lobe Triumphant

Then came through gates of birth each strange,
new guest —

Poor, helpless babes that, since that distant
morn,

In human cradles or on Nature's breast,
Have lived their moment 'neath your genial
scorn.

Yes, ye have watched the generations die
After their little day of mirth and toil,
And still stretch forth your brawny arms on
high,
Gigantic guardians of New England soil!

Lobe Triumphant

THE APRIL BOY

AS I went through the April-world
To watch my violets blow,
I met a child I long had loved
Whose heart was clean as snow.

“Come hither, little White-of-Soul,
Now tell me how you fare!”
He ran to me, he sprang at me,
The sun was in his hair.

His eyes were laughing like his lips,
He had an April look,
His feet were wet as ocean shells
From wading in the brook.

And Nature, too, became a child;
As far as eye could see
The world was one big romping-ground
For Earth, the Boy, and Me!

I quite forgot my violets,
His eyes were both so blue,
His merry lips that press'd my own
Were mayflowers moist with dew;

Love Triumphant

And as we took the road to town,
The little lad and I,
He seemed to hold the whole of Spring
And brush the Winter by.

The birds all knew him, that I'm sure,
They ne'er sang thus for me;
The budding branches seemed to reach
To kiss each dimpled knee.

And when I left him near his home,
"Good-by, big man," he said;
"Good-by, Sir April," I returned, —
He shouted, laughed, and fled.

Lobe Triumphant

A SONG OF SAILING

AT last the loud wind rounds with health
The lean cheek of our sail,
The scourging brine is all our wealth,
But homeward leads the trail, —
All hail!

Ah, soon the harbor buoy and bar,
And soon the face that waits,
The crowded docks, the lighthouse star,
And welcoming garden gates,
My mates!

Our stout boat rams the towering waves
That hide heaven's windy dome,
The menace of their fury braves,
And tossing them to foam,
Steers home!

Her old patch'd topsail curves once more,
Gray as a sea-bird's wing,
With breeze astern, she seeks the shore
Swift as a living thing —
Then sing: —

Lobe Triumphant

*Land ho! land ho! the surf's in sight,
The soft beach shines like snow;
From out To-day has been our flight
Into the Long Ago! —
Land ho!*

Love Triumphant

TO A BROKEN SEA - SHELL

O LIPS that passionate waves have kissed
In every sea ;
Cast on the shore, what have you left
Save memory?

Small wonder that ye whispered long
Of lost delights,
Those storms beneath the tropic sky —
Those nights, those nights!

But now although thy years of song,
Dear shell, are past,
'Tis only since some careless foot
Crushed thee at last.

Long prisoned in thy slender throat
What glorious tone!
O poet of the waves, thy fate
How like mine own!

The waters of love's sea are salt
With passionate tears,
And my wild heart was tossed like thee,
Long years, long years!

Love Triumphant

Now cast upon the unheeding shore
 It sings the Past,
And ever must, unless, like thee,
 It breaks at last!

Lobe Triumphant

THE THIEF

WITH all his purple spoils upon him
Creeps back the plunderer Sea,
Deep in his rayless caves he plunges,
Fed full with robbery;

His caverns filled with dead men's treasure,
With coins and bones and pearl;
For curtains and for golden carpet,
The hair of some drowned girl!

O bandit with the white-plumed horsemen,
Raiding a thousand shores,
Thy coffers crammed with spars and anchors
And wave-defeated oars!

I hear again thine ancient laughter,
Thy mirthful, mad unrest,
Yet catch the notes of shame and torture
Within thy bravest jest.

For lo! there is a Hand that holds thee
And curbs thy proudest wave,
Thy boundaries have been set forever —
Thou art thyself a slave!

Lobe Triumphant

The lash is given to wild taskmasters!
Thy lips may foam with wrath,
Still moons shall call and thou must follow,
Still winds shall scourge thy path!

O impotent thief! I scorn thy pillage,
Marauder of pale coasts!
The brigands whom I dread are fiercer
Than thou and all thy hosts!

For Death hath stolen friend and comrade,
Love robbed the heart of rest,
Sin snared a soul, while thou wast hoarding
Some sailor's treasure-chest.

O braggart, laughing o'er thy booty,
Boast on till days are done,
And the frail star where thou disportest
Hath dropped into the sun!

Lobe Triumphant

THE KINGDOM OF THE SUNRISE

WHEN God had plough'd New England
with a glacier
And made it ready to be sown with man,
He flung no mightier seed throughout these
valleys
Than, long before, across thy heights,
Japan!

Men filled with dreams and daring, dark, in-
trepid,
Men who had learn'd to labor and to pray;
We in our arrogance have called them pagans,
Because they climb'd tow'rd Truth a different
way.

But when they sat within the doors of daybreak,
Offering all lands the fruits of Orient toil,
They roused the jealous wrath which hurl'd
upon them
The sons of conquest and the slaves of spoil!

Whatever name be Thine, O Infinite Sower,
Brahm, Buddha, Christ, according to our
creed,

Love Triumphant

Rescue these fields that Thou thyself hast
planted!—

From the despoiler save Thy scattered seed!

O Dweller beyond Suns, O Throned in Silence!
Look down on these loud conflicts — bid them
cease!

Speed the great ends of love on Earth forever,
And pluck this vulture from the heart of
Peace!

June, 1904.

Love Triumphant

THE MAN - CHILD

FROM the loins that know no languor,
From the womb of the Divine,
When the lords of flame and tempest
Met to found my kingly line,

Lo! I sprang, a child celestial,
While the earth was still a coal
Lighted at the white-hot brazier
Where the sun evolved his soul.

Thus I came and pass'd; the spaces
Drank my spirit like a breath,
Till, new-moulded, reincarnate,
I defied the gods of Death,

And upon this cooling planet
Through the gates of birth I press'd,
With the wonder of the memory
Of the Universal Breast.

Myriad forms that Mind hath fashioned
Out of dust to serve its needs
I am clad withal; I worship
And revile through all the creeds.

Robe Triumphant

Harlot, vestal, saint, and pagan
Blent their strains within my blood,
Beast and serpent, slain and slayer,
Monsters of the cosmic flood.

I have scourged with every tyrant,
I have knelt at every shrine,
I hold Sodom for my revel,
I drink Egypt for my wine!

I am born of perfect women,
I am come of stalwart males,
I was nursed at Helen's bosom,
I have followed viking sails!

In my veins the Russ and Tartar,
In my blood the Gaul and Hun,
Corinth's lust and Sidon's barter,
And Sahara's leagues of sun!

All the deities man worships,
All dark shades of the abyss,
Lent their fury to my anger,
Lent their passion to my kiss.

When the poet's flame within me
Leaps, as in the years that were,

Love Triumphant

Lesbos lures and Sappho calls me,
And my feet must follow her!

When the lover's pulse beats fiercely
In my wrists and throat and face,
It is Cleopatra holds me
In the storm of her embrace!

All Parnassus in one stanza,
All of Egypt in one day,
All the blue breadth of Nyanza,
All the hot miles of Cathay!

Thou whose red mouth is the beaker
Whence I quaff such drowsy wine,
Fear thou not this heart tempestuous,
Though it beat so loud on thine.

Fear thou not these rude, firm muscles!
They were sculptured worlds ago,
When the gods of light and darkness
Struggled for this star below!

Kiss me, lips, and grow undying!
Passionate bosom, closer lean!
I, the son of all the cycles,
Thus at last will crown thee queen!—

Lobe Triumphant

Sovereign o'er these quivering sinews,
Tameless save to thy control —
Thou who wieldest with thy beauty
All the sceptre of my soul!

Love Triumphant

TO A LOCOMOTIVE AT NIGHT

O CYCLOPS with the one terrific eye,
Charging upon me from thy cave, the
Dark,

With monstrous brawn and fleetness, nude and
stark,

Breathing thy futile wrath against the sky —
Fierce giant of the rails, malign and sly!

As some gigantic missile toward its mark,
Straight toward the heart of night and si-
lence — hark!

Thou roarest through the blackness, Death's
ally!

With parched, hot lips upraised to sunless space,
Drinking great distances with thirst un-
quenched,

Panting with the mad fury of thy flight,
Like some huge athlete with his hands hard
clenched

At either side running thy desperate race,

Thou vanishest down the track into the
night!

Lobe Triumphant

THE CHILD WHO WENT AWAY

'TWAS here that it wander'd over the keys,
Her dear hand brown and small,
A lover would swear it was white as these,
But it wasn't white at all, —
By boating toughen'd, in hammocks tann'd,
Yes — blister'd by racquets — the childish
hand.

The quaint pianoforte was small,
Old-fashioned and out of tune,
But her fingers fell as the petals fall
In the gentlest wind of June,
And the wondering keys at the soft command
Gave all they knew to the dear brown hand;

Till, lost in the music made by her,
The whole room grew less staid,
The haircloth furniture seemed to stir,
And Grandmother's stiff brocade
Appeared to walk from the great gilt frame
And curtsy and dance for the little dame.

But at last the child's warm hand grew thin,
And the white soul fled above,

Love Triumphant

Like a younger sister the girl had been,
My love was a brother's love,
Yet a glory was gone from the gray old farm,
And the rocky pastures had lost their charm.

And my boat rocks idly here by the bank,
And the hammock whispers "Come,"
And the keys still wait in a patient rank
Though their small white throats are dumb, —
And if I touch them they only say:
"Come back, come back from that far away!"

And the lilac-bush shades the low south room
Just as it did of old,
And the butterfly, deep in the milkweed's bloom,
Is poising on wings of gold;
But nothing is glad, while all is gay —
The soul of the summer has slipped away.

Yet look! your lilies are blooming, dear,
Your roses climb the wall,
And waiting for you in the garden here
Are wicket, mallet, and ball,
And your banjo stares with its sad round face,
Mocking us all from its hiding-place.

O child! do your dear hands never tire
Of holding the harp of gold?

Lobe Triumphant

When you hear us sing in the village choir
The songs that you loved of old,
And our voices break — ah then, ah then,
Don't you almost wish to be back again?

Lobe Triumphant

OUR FRIEND

I KNOW not whether she be fair,
If blue her eyes or gold her hair;
I have not marked her features well —
Her spirit casts too strong a spell.

Even in wintry frost and sleet,
If one but pass her on the street,
Though all the town be wrapp'd in furs,
A sense of warmth and April stirs.

Her lips may be as soft as those
The bee is proffered by the rose —
I do not know; but this I'm sure:
They smile alike on rich and poor.

Her ear may be so fine a fleck
It scarce casts shadow on her neck;
I only know 'tis not too small
To listen when the needy call.

I know not if her hand be white,
Or if her foot be arched and slight;
Her feet will run to carry aid,
Her hand shower blessings unrepaid.

Love Triumphant

If she should die, some brush might trace .
The maiden's comeliness or grace ;
But most could only strive, ah yes,
Somehow to fill the loneliness.

Love Triumphant

THE CLOSED GENTIAN

SEE what one breath of August did —
Rebuke to persevering Art! —
With every maiden mystery hid,
This perfect face, this virgin heart!

Refusing to the wanton bee
Those lips that innocence hath sealed,
A type of rustic chastity
That smiles and serves but will not yield.

Thou standest, gentle flower, beside
The homely road, the common way,
Wearing thy beauty without pride
Till dust and time have turned it gray.

Love Triumphant

TO POETRY

THOU higher Truth, Love's sister, Wonder's
bride!

O larger Science with the God-turned face!

Clasp my cold heart to thy supreme embrace
Until my blood flow through me like a tide,
And my sad, pulseless soul grow deified

With the divinest currents of the race;

I stand upon this wandering star in space
And pray thy coming, though all worlds divide!

Behold! I feel thy lips upon mine own

Often, O Goddess, till thy wings sweep by

And leave my spirit passionless as a nun's;

Then, ere I quite despair, gray Ocean's moan

Resummons thee, or some red smouldering sky

With mountain summits dipp'd in dying
suns!

Lobe Triumphant

DESIRE

PRAY, who's this captive I have caged?
Is her name Desire?
Ay! and Midnight is her mother,
And her father — Fire!

In my heart's red chamber
How her fierce wings stir,
As though old memories moved her,
And the far home call'd to her.

She was born where stars were straying
Through the lost ways of the sky;
And I thought to make her prisoner —
But the prisoner is I!

For she spurns my silly shackles
When the wild mood fires her breast,
And I needs must follow, follow,
Down the wing-paths of the west: —

Then, straight up the walls of wonder,
Till we vanish in the blue,
Till (oh, look!) the largest ocean
Dwindles to a drop of dew, —

Lobe Triumphant

Till at last upon my forehead
Night's hot zenith burns a kiss,
And the earth becomes a glow-worm
Twinkling through the black abyss.

Then my captor leads me gently
Homeward down the Milky Way,
Shuts herself within her cloister, —
But the key is thrown away!

Love Triumphant

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY

O, YOU left her arms so early, lusting for
the hurly-burly
Of the huge, grim, grinning town;
But the wander-fever died, and your weary
spirit cried,
Where the love of Earth, the Mother, hunts
us down;
Where the ledgers lay so high that they hurt
the aching eye,
While the worried brain toiled without rest,
O, then the Country called you, and her dear old
sights enthralled you,
And you longed to weep once more upon her
breast.
Don't you hear the voice from afar, dear boy,
Hear it wherever you roam? —
Loud on your track, "Come back, come
back,
Back to the hills of home!"

Where the mocking whistles bluster, and the
monstrous chimneys cluster,
And the mad looms curse and brawl,

Love Triumphant

Where the human torrent pours, weak and
wretched from the doors,

Don't you hear again the patient Mother
call?

There's a whisper in your ear of the sounds that
once were dear —

Browsing cattle, barking dogs, bragging
cocks;

O, the hungry horses neighing, O, the odors of
the haying,

O, the company and comfort of the flocks!

Yes, you hear the voice where the city
roars

Through its narrow banks and high,

Wherever you roam, "Come home, come
home,

Home to my arms to die!"

Through the haste and fret of trade comes the
dream that cannot fade,

Of the never-laboring leisure of the ox,

Of the purple shadows deep, basking on the
roofs asleep,

Of the permanence and patience of the rocks!

Boy, forget the blistering street where the flag-
gings burn your feet;

Boy, forget the ugly trolley's vulgar song;

Love Triumphant

Still remains the land of wonder, — blue skies
over, green earth under,
Where the fainting soul again grows swift
and strong;
Still comes the cry of the Long Ago,
Of the Far-away-in-the-Past,
“Here be your rest, my breast, my breast,
Back on my breast at last!”

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

1869 — 1905

A TRIBUTE BY PROF. C. T. WINCHESTER

MY DEAR ———:— I cannot put into words the sudden and poignant sorrow with which I learned, a few hours ago, of the death of Frederic Lawrence Knowles. I have known and loved him since his earliest college days; and in these last years have watched with pride and admiration the growth of his genius and the widening of his fame as a poet. I have no mood at this time for a cool estimate of his work and place; but one certainly risks nothing in saying that none of our younger poets showed greater promise than he. Nor was it promise only. His latest volume contains verse that any young poet might have been glad to own; and I have reason to know that he has left unpublished even better work.

He had always a quick sense of that subtle power of phrase upon which the charm of poetry so largely depends; but his latest poems showed not only a more exacting criticism of form, but a remarkable growth in the content of thought and feeling. They were full of the fire and dew of youth; but almost every one of them showed some sense of the largeness and solemnity

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

of life. They were not trivial exercises in graceful diction. And in the reading you come frequently upon lines that express some dainty fancy or some serious truth with that keen poetic note, thrilling and memorable, that only the masters know. The very first line of the volume has haunted my memory like a mournful echo from all the beautiful but vanished past, —

“Helen’s lips are drifting dust.”

Alas! his own are so!

But I am thinking now not so much of the poet as of Fred Knowles, the man, the companion, the friend. That refinement of taste and exquisite sensibility which made him a poet made him also the most sympathetic of friends. He was the model of genuine courtesy. The love of beauty and the love of truth were married in his heart. But though he had an almost feminine grace and charm of manner, underneath that outward gentleness there was a steadfast tenacity of purpose, a fidelity to high ideals, a capacity for patient labor and endurance, and a sympathy with all heroic forms of effort and suffering. Only those who knew him best can tell how faithful he was to all obligations, how loyal to his friends, how self-sacrificingly generous in his affections.

The great verities of the Christian religion, learned in his childhood from the lips of noble parents, he em-

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

braced and cherished all his days. As he came to manhood, and the phases and problems of this vast, strange world rose upon his vision, he sometimes found it hard to interpret life in terms of the teaching he had accepted. But he was the soul of honesty; and the central truth of God's love in Christ for himself and all mankind, he never doubted or questioned. And some of us know — what, indeed, was evident from his poetry — that, with advancing years, that great truth grew more and more sufficient to explain for him all difficulties and remove all fears. I take down his book and read the striking little poem he called "The Steps :"

“Seize your staff ! beyond this height
We shall find the Infinite Light !
Gird your thigh ! this sword shall hew
Paths that reach the untroubled blue !
Though dark mountains form the stair,
It is ours to climb and dare !
Law, truth, love — the peaks are three :
Sinai, Olivet, Calvary !”

It is hard to think of him as passed into the silence with all his possibilities of song. Our earthly hopes refuse to have it so ; we can only bow before a higher Wisdom. For us, at least, there is the memory of his pure, earnest, aspiring life, and the lingering music of his early song. For him — let me read his own lines :

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

“ Laid in one equal bed,
When once your coverlet of grass is spread,
“ What daybreak need you fear ?
The Love will rule you there which guides you here ! ”

Sunset Poems

1

2

Sunset Poems

TO THE ETERNAL SPIRIT

O THOU that weavest sun and stars
Upon Thine everlasting loom,
Whose pattern makes of Earth and Mars
But glittering spots of flame, — to whom
Save Thee, Thou source of soul and fire,
Shall I, unkindled dust, aspire?

The universe that thrills with Thee
Is half Thyself, yet is not Thou,
Behind the quivering mask I see,
With them of old, Thy face and brow;
Like Moses on the awful height,
I all but touch Thee day and night.

The lightnings are Thy veins, Thy blood
Is that elusive force that flows
Within the swift electric flood

Sunset Poems

Which hurls the star and shapes the rose ;
And yet Thou liest behind all this,
The pregnant Mind of Life's abyss !

The star-dust from Thy lips is blown,
Pollen of planets yet to be,
Across dark fecund voids unknown,
But throbbing with the life of Thee !
From those live heavens withdraw Thy breath —
What golden blooms would fade in death !

O Thou who breathed us into time
From the eternal calm with Thee,
Breath of Thy breath — for what far crime —
What long-forgotten feud, were we
Exiled to this dark star of grief, —
More helpless than a gale-blown leaf ?

To Thee ascends from this worn Earth
The litany of stricken years,
The wild despair and wilder mirth,
The sound of laughter hoarse with tears ;
When shall, on Thy white shores of peace,
These breaking waves of anguish cease ?

O if, as He of Nazareth taught,
No sparrow falls without Thy care,

Sunset Poems

Is Thy great heart less moved by aught
Which we, Thy human children, bear?
Yet canst Thou share our grief and woe
And naught of Thy calm bliss forego?

Lo, Thou art Harmony; Thy poise
Is unperturb'd by mortal cries,
Above the struggle and the noise
Thy sea of infinite silence lies;
And shall our loud unreason dare
To storm Thy peace with frantic prayer?

Prayer is communion, the repose
Of hearts too closely join'd for speech;
No plea that Life withhold the blows
Whose stalwart purpose is to teach, —
No coward's shriek, no discord shrill,
But brave souls resting in Thy will.

And though Thou sufferest in our pain,
Thy tide of joy is full, — Thine eye
Looks, tranquil, on the nobly slain,
Or on those, pierced thro' breast and thigh,
Who, lame, heart-smitten, smile to cheat
Disaster of its full defeat.

Sunset Poems

Tho' calmly thro' a million nights
Thy stars have burn'd, Thou Wise and Just,
Our lives are flickering candle-lights
Blown out by Death's impartial gust.
And yet I know, relit by Thee,
These tapers glow eternally.

Their flames are one with those that shine
In Sirius and the Milky Way,
Both share the Energy divine,
Nor mind nor matter knows decay, —
Stars fall, force changes, man must bow,
Yet all is life, and life is — Thou!

Sunset Poems

THE REST OF THE STORY

“ **B**UT what’s the rest of the story, please? ”
The tiresome little ones, how they tease!
I have told them of wonderful toys and dolls,
Of elves that dance when the elf-king calls,
Of castles, of giants, of knights’ emprise,
Of lovers that die for a maiden’s eyes;
And the story grows till it takes too long,
And bedtime passes, but still they throng
With eager voices around my chair,
Till I raise my finger and whisper, “ There!
It is time for children to be asleep:
Just wait till morning; the tale will keep,
And then we will finish; ” but no, they sigh,
And try to be brave and not to cry,
While the boldest begs on his small bare knees:
“ O tell us the rest of the story, *please!* ”

And thus do we older children cry,
Peevishly curious, “ How? ” and “ Why? ”
And “ When is the end of it, year and day? ”
And “ Tell us the reason, ” and “ What’s to
pay? ”
And our Father listens with patient ear,

Sunset Poems

Yes, bends from the throne of the Heavens to
hear;

He has told the stories of childhood, youth,
Of woman's beauty, of manhood's truth,
And the fairy-tale of love, and then

The sadder story of death, to men,

And whispers last of a wondrous land, —

And more, that we scarce can understand:

“Ye shall know the rest when ye wake from
sleep.”

And the story is left — but we sulk and weep:

“Love, death! how oft Thou hast told us these,

But what's the *rest* of the story, please?”

Sunset Poems

THE EXCHANGE

FOUR gifts of God He shared with me —
Joy, beauty, health, and woman's love,
Then vanish'd into vacancy
And watched me from the void above.

I kept the feast unshared, unspread,
Hoarded to feed the lusts of youth;
God took it, — leaving me instead
Pain, suffering, sympathy, and truth.

Sunset Poems

TO JESUS THE NAZARENE

CLOSEST to men, thou pitying Son of Man,
And thrilled from crown to foot with fellow-
ship,

Yet most apart and strange, lonely as God, —
Dwell in my heart, remote and intimate One!
Brother of all the world, I come to Thee!

Gentle as she who nursed Thee at her breast
(Yet what a lash of lightnings once Thy tongue
To scourge the hypocrite and Pharisee!) —
Nerve Thou mine arm, O meek, O mighty One!
Champion of all who fail, I fly to Thee!

O man of sorrows, with the wounded hands, —
For chaplet, thorns; for throne, a pagan cross;
Bowed with the woe and agony of time,
Yet loved by children and the feasting
guests, —

I bring my suffering, joyful heart to Thee.

Chaste as the virginal lily on her stem,
Yet in each hot, full pulse, each tropic vein,
More filled with feeling than the flow'r with sun;

Sunset Poems

No anchorite, — hale, sinewy, warm with love, —
I come in youth's high tide of bliss to Thee.

O Christ of contrasts, infinite paradox,
Yet life's explainer, solvent harmony,
Frail strength, pure passion, meek austerity,
And the white splendor of these darken'd
 years, —
I lean my wondering, wayward heart on Thine.

Sunset Poems

THE MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

An Acrostic

THE chance-flung favorite of no lucky
hour, —

Here is the man who strode, not rose, to power !
Eyes riveted on duty, not reward,
Offering his country heart and brain and sword ;
Danger he scorn'd and ease he put away,
On toward fame's summit plodding night and
day ;

Ranchman, rough-rider, patriot, magistrate, —
Exalting Law, and reverencing the State, —
Rich in that rare inheritance of worth
Old as the heavens and honest as the earth ;
Oak-hearted, fearless, pure as Galahad, —
Sycophants hate him, spoilsmen think him mad.
Except our land beget such sons as he
Vain are our boastings of prosperity :
Empty of self-conceit, big-soul'd, robust, —
Love warms his will yet nerves it to be just, —
This is a ruler whom the ruled can trust !

Sunset Poems

THE HIGHER UNITY

WHEN from the tortured womb of earth
Fell the white moon — a fiery birth,
Think ye that to that fiercer breast
The glorious child was clasped to rest?
Ah, nay! she flung herself afar,
No heavenly suckling, but a star,
Though loud the stricken mother cried
In the lone anguish of the tide.

Thus from the Past, wherein I lay,
Warm-nurtured till my natal day,
I fell, by inner forces hurled,
No nursling, but a Will — a World!
And scornful of the brooding Face
Sought the wild silences of space.
My spirit had been nourished long
On ancient creed and feudal song,
On tales of war and glittering lies,
But now I dared thro' chartless skies,
Oblivious to the Mother's call,
Into the void to fall and fall.

Sunset Poems

But lo! there came an hour when even
The lunar vagrant paused in heaven,
Cooled the hot passions that rebelled
(Some god's transcendent Voice compell'd),
And heard this Delphic word with awe:
"Freedom is only larger law,
On thine own axis thou dost turn,
Yet earthward evermore must yearn;
Tho' severed by estranging space,
Toward her that bore thee leans thy face!"

And thus my soul around the Past
Obedient orbit found at last —
Divorced and yet dependent, whirled,
Space-pinion'd, round that cradling world,
While on my spirit fell the truth:
"Revolt is but the mood of youth,
And if uncheck'd by law, may be
More futile than conformity.
Thou and that distant orb, thy source,
Both serve Fate's high decree, one course
Is thine and hers, one track, one goal,
One sun of truth o'er each, O soul!
All minds, all wills, all worlds are wrought
Into one cosmic, timeless thought;
War, fagot, famine, priestcraft be
Discords that foster harmony,

Sunset Poems

Sin is the minor in the strain
That swells to love thro' chords of pain;
Creeds change, but thought's long march is one
From star to star, from sun to sun!"

Sunset Poems

A LYRIC OF ASPIRATION

O BIRDS of fire that make the night
One flock of golden wings,
My heart would join your rapturous flight
Far from terrestrial things,
Beyond the fever and the scars,
Where the white gate of God unbars,
O golden stars, O golden stars!

O falcon with the beak of flame
And plumage wild with fire,
My soul, dust-cover'd, spent, and lame,
But wing'd with fierce desire,
Soars swiftly to thy breast, undone
Till that delirious goal be won, —
O flaming sun, O flaming sun!

O queen of all the thrones of space,
And bride of night's abyss,
White as a passionate woman's face
That lifts to meet a kiss,
Then sinks, while thought and senses swoon,
I crave thy mad voluptuous boon, —
O passionate moon, O passionate moon!

Sunset Poems

O naked blue, O infinite deep,
I faint, I long, I come!
My eager spirit scales thy steep —
Nor shall my voice be dumb,
My heart yearns heavenward with a cry:
Wait! One draws near! 'Tis I! 'Tis I!
O naked sky! O naked sky!

O milky way — white mother breast
That sucklest sun and star,
I languish, with a babe's unrest,
To quench my thirst afar; —
I mount to thee, my heart outruns
The feet of thy immortal ones, —
Bosom of worlds, and fount of suns!

O voyage unknown! O sea above!
O shores without a sail!
I launch upon your waves of love,
Nor can my ventures fail;
Shall Earth — dark star — suffice for me? —
A son of immortality?
Nay, from this hour I cruise on thee,
Eternal sea, eternal sea!

Sunset Poems

LOVE'S REVELATION

O MYSTERY, whom we dare to call
God, Father, Friend, — Thou fathomless
Sea

Whereof Mind knows no truth at all
Save that Thou art, and art not we, —
Upon our lips was laid Thy fire —
Incarnate sons of Thy desire!

We are the shadows of Thy will,
The emanation of Thy thought,
To Thee, Compassionate One, we still
Must kneel, as those whom Love hath taught,
And trust the pliant, sensitive heart
Which apprehends Thee as Thou art.

In sod below and star above,
Back of Beginning and farewell,
Through and behind all shows is love,
In atom, world, and plasmic cell;
Thou, Lost One, dost Thyself disclose
To hearts that love, and only those.

Sunset Poems

Thus I believe, nay, thus I know,
For love hath taught me; come Thou, then,
Through every nerve and artery flow,
And let me store Thy power for men,
Thus shall my soul a chalice be,
Brimm'd, Cosmic, Conscious Force, with Thee!

Sunset Poems

THE TENANT

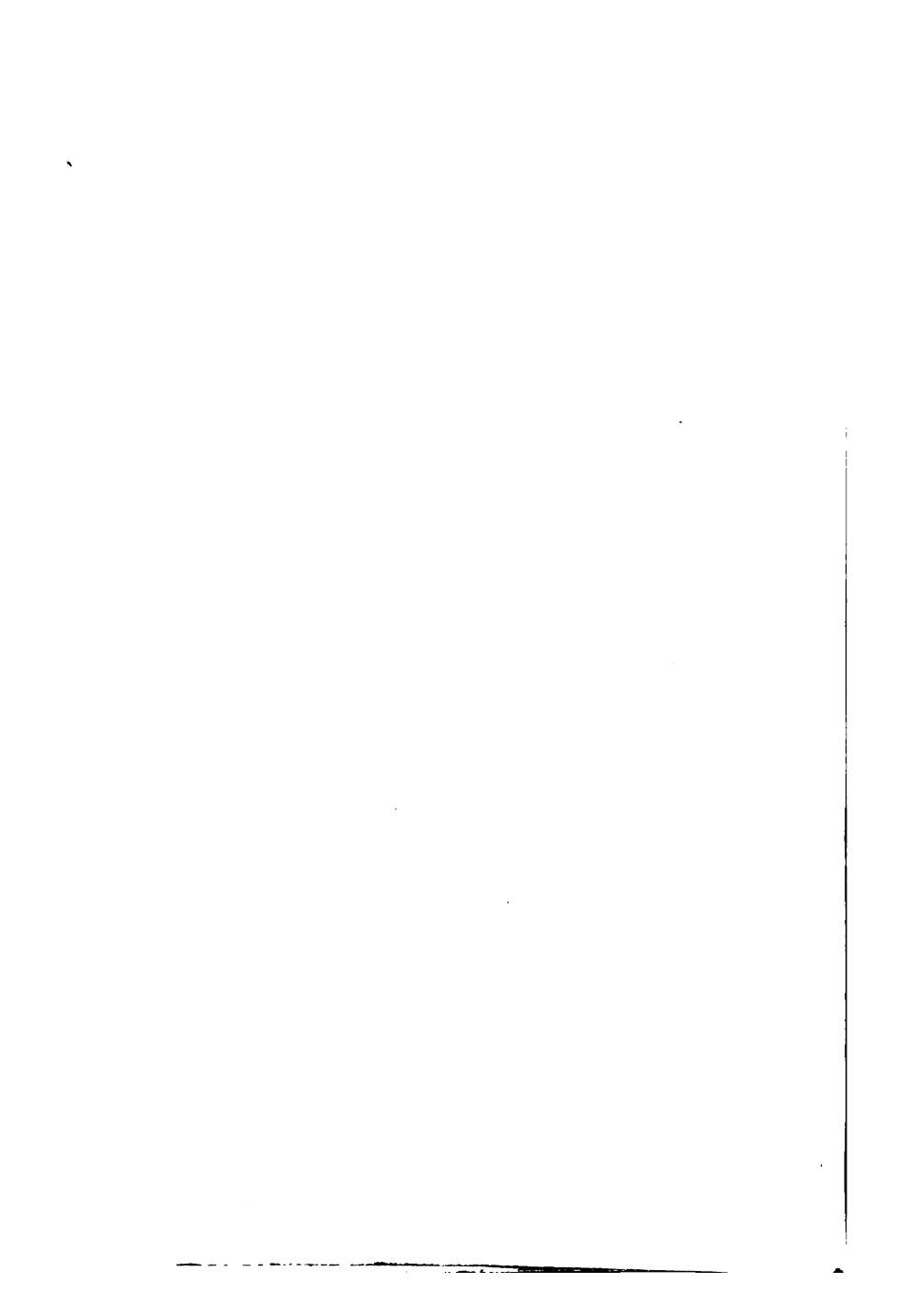
THIS body is my house — it is not I;
Herein I sojourn till, in some far sky,
I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
Till all the carpentry of time is past.
When from my high place viewing this lone star,
What shall I care where these poor timbers are?
What though the crumbling walls turn dust and
loam —
I shall have left them for a larger home.
What though the rafters break, the stanchions
rot,
When earth has dwindled to a glimmering spot!
When thou, clay cottage, fallest, I'll immerse
My long-cramp't spirit in the universe.
Through uncomputed silences of space
I shall yearn upward to the leaning Face.
The ancient heavens will roll aside for me,
As Moses monarch'd the dividing sea.
This body is my house — it is not I.
Triumphant in this faith I live, and die.

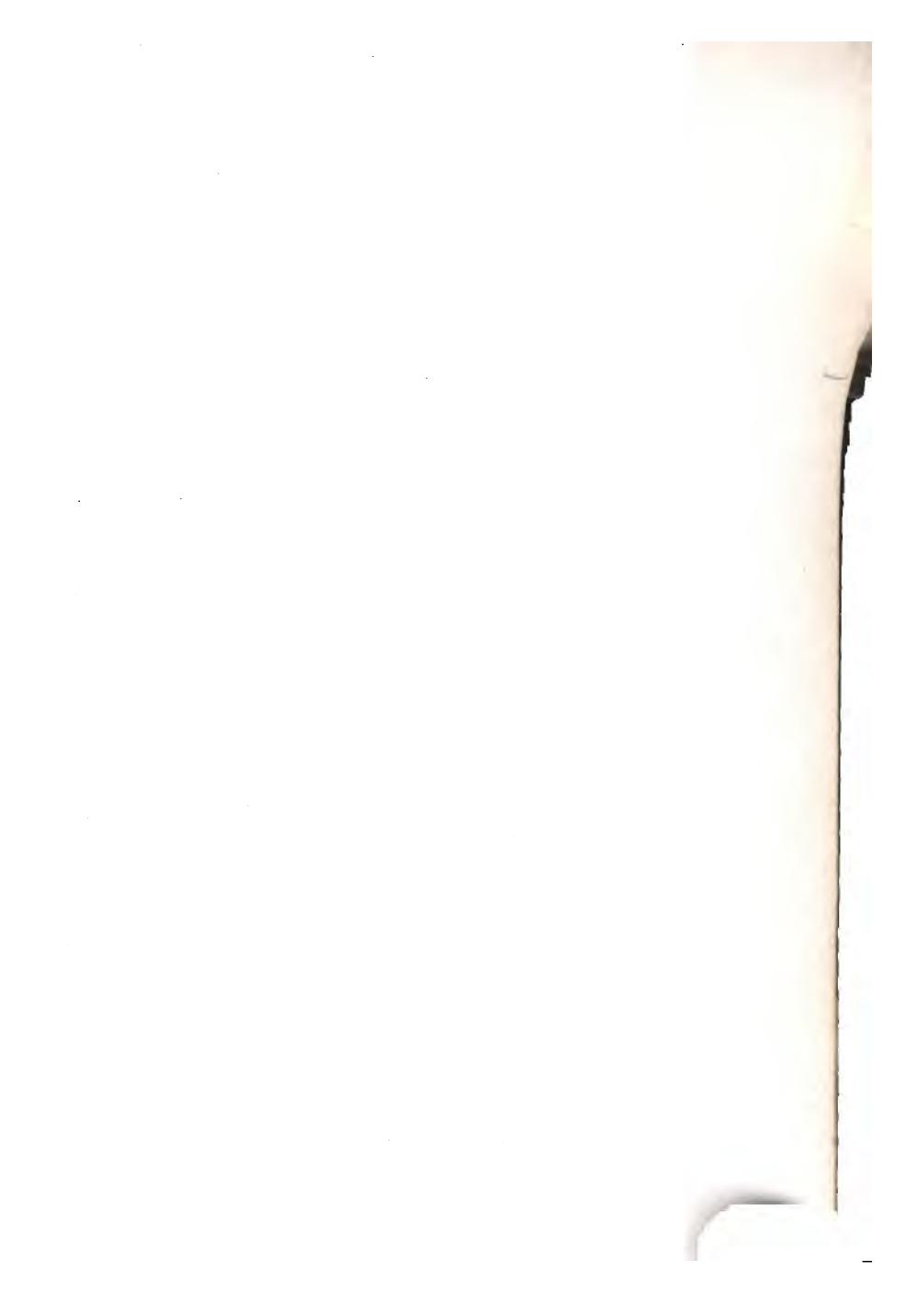
Sunset Poems

This is a copy of the last poem written by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. It was composed during his fatal illness, about a week before his death.

O DEAR farm, O lost farm,
O fields that faced the sea,
O garden old where the children stroll'd,
In the likeness of you and me,
How the dreams call'd and the lanes call'd,
Till our feet must needs obey,
Over the beckoning roads, dear,
Over the long, gray roads, dear,
Over the roads away!

O sweetheart, O strongheart,
O dearest of all to me,
Our past is dead, our dreams are fled,
We stroll by a vaster sea,
But the storms call, and the waves call,
And we dare not say them nay,
Over the years we fare, love,
Over the lands of care, love,
Over the years away!





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